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## NOTES.

(A Literary Supplement is issued with this number.)

EVERY ONE is asking whether President Kruger intends to come to England or not. It is known that he said he would accept an invitation before Mr. Chamberlain formally invited him in February last. Now he makes excuses to postpone decision. What has induced him to change his mind? Early in March he received a letter from Dr. Leyds, his Secretary of State and the leader of the Hollander party in the Transvaal. In this letter Dr. Leyds begged the President not to accept Mr. Chamberlain's invitation, asserting that the English Minister only wished to cajole him into giving rights to the Outlanders in the Transvaal, which would have the ultimate effect of robbing him of all power. Dr. Leyds went on to assure Kruger that if England attempted to go beyond the Convention of '84, and tried to institute changes in the internal administration of the Transvaal, Russia, Germany, and France would aid the Transvaal in resisting such dictation. This letter was a mere tissue of lies; but President Kruger is suspicious with the suspiciousness of half-knowledge. He put off his departure, alleging that he could not leave the country without the consent of the Volksraad, which is true in law but not in fact.

But let us take the excuse for what it is worth and look farther ahead. The Volksraad sits early in May; President Kruger can do what he likes with it. Will he get from it the permission to come to England? In other words, does Paul Kruger wish to come to England? He knows he will get a splendid reception here, and he is not without his little human vanity. But on the other hand Rhodes is up there in Bulawayo, and he hears that Dr. Jameson is being made a hero of in London. Besides, Leyds is now at his ear to assure him that the Hollanders who speak his own tongue, are his true friends, and not the British, who would like to get hold of his country. In spite of the fact that there are able and true men at Pretoria to combat this sinister influence, we fear that for the moment Leyds will win. On the whole, it is unlikely that President Kruger will come to England.

The news from Bulawayo is not reassuring, but we are of opinion that the alarmists have altogether overrated the gravity of the situation. The Matabele were utterly broken by Jameson a couple of years ago, and have now no tribal organization and no cohesion, except such a temporary union as is brought about by famine. For hunger is the primary fact of the situation. The natives have lost their cattle by rinderpest, and cattle to the South African native is at once a necessity of life and the embodiment of life's luxuries. He can buy wives with cattle, and wives will work for him and keep him in the

state of perfect careless idleness which is to him a sort of paradise. But without a leader and without tribal organization these natives can never be dangerous to even a handful of brave men supplied with Maxims. The first serious engagement will give the inhabitants of Bulawayo, we firmly believe, a happy deliverance from these alarms.

In regard to the South African difficulties Mr. Chamberlain is showing the qualities of a great statesman. When he asserted on Wednesday night at the Constitutional Club that there were "two governing factors in the situation," and the first was that "Great Britain is, has been, and must continue to be, the paramount power in that country," he indulged in a platitude that evoked an outburst of enthusiastic applause. He went on to declare that, in the second place, "it ought to be our object in endeavouring to secure the redress of the grievances of the Outlanders in the Transvaal to carry with us our Dutch fellow subjects." This sentiment was not cheered in the Constitutional Club, but it shows that Mr. Chamberlain has grasped the chief fact of the situation, and we can only hope that he will maintain his position stoutly; for if a British Government should move against Kruger without carrying with it the Dutch of Cape Colony and the Free State, South Africa would probably be lost to the Empire as the United States were lost.

We agree with Mr. Chamberlain that the Outlanders in the Transvaal labour under serious disabilities. The Government of the Transvaal is not an ideal Government, and its administration is not distinguished for efficiency or purity. But this is not the time to urge President Kruger to institute reforms. His people are embittered by the Jameson raid; their kinsfolk in the Free State and in Cape Colony are backing them up. Time should be allowed for the excitement to subside. Mr. Chamberlain should abstain from criticizing the defects of the internal administration of the Transvaal, or he will run no little risk of getting a direct snub. His position, however, is a very difficult one; for it seems that, besides the "Times" and the "Daily News," a certain extreme section of the Conservative party is trying to force him to send President Kruger a sort of ultimatum.

But do these gentlemen know what they are doing? The British Empire has not been built up by trying to coerce the outlying portions of it, much less independent portions that are not yet united with it in race or in language. Every day the "Times" threatens and the "Daily News" scolds, but if Mr. Chamberlain takes to scolding or threatening the result will be disastrous. The extreme section of Tories is represented by three men, Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, Mr. Gallo-way, and Mr. George Wyndham. Sir E. Ashmead-



Bartlett is beyond reason; and Mr. Galloway, the Manchester Tory, beyond grace. But Mr. Wyndham is an able man and can be reasoned with. Now, Mr. Wyndham, here are the facts. You have 25,000 Boers in the Transvaal, and it would be hard to find in the world a more splendid irregular force. You have besides 15,000 Boers in the Free State, of whom the like can be said. There are, moreover, in the Cape Colony, capable of bearing arms, 50,000 men of Dutch descent and Dutch sympathies, who would not tamely stand by and see their countrymen attacked. Does Mr. Wyndham think it possible for England to coerce these men? Or if he thinks it possible, does he think it worth England's while? The attempt would be a mad one, and would surely end in the detachment of South Africa from the Empire.

These half-dozen discontented Tories have, it appears, been trying to get up a kind of petty rebellion against Mr. Chamberlain, but they did not like to take the field against him in person. They have the modesty which fear teaches. They thought, however, that, if they could get some of the younger Radicals to move the adjournment of the House, they might then open the floodgates of their eloquence and force the Secretary for the Colonies into desperate courses. With this object in view, they introduced Dr. Jameson to the Radicals, and in various ways tried to nobble the green intellects among their adversaries. And they nearly succeeded. But when the Radicals were asked to move the adjournment of the House on Tuesday last, they considered sagely that on the whole it would be better to let the Conservatives play their own game, and so the scheme fizzled out.

Until every phase of the Venezuelan dispute has been finally settled there will always remain the chance of a hitch in the negotiations. This chance may no longer be great enough to warrant alarm, but Mr. Smalley none the less performs a useful function in recalling to us from time to time the fact that it exists. The Queen's Speech with which the Government met Parliament gave away the larger part of Lord Salisbury's original position by accepting the principle of America's right to intervene, and by treating the appointment of the American Commission of Inquiry as a friendly and helpful action. Of course it does not follow that we are committed to the acceptance of its decision, but it is no longer open to us to treat this verdict, whatever it may be, as without bearing on the case. Consequently it is incumbent upon us to reach some understanding with the American Government upon the general question of the machinery for disposing of such differences between the two countries before we are confronted with the finding of this Commission, and face to face with the necessity of saying yes or no. We can only hope that Lord Salisbury will not allow the "accepted time" to slip by unused.

Fifteen months ago we seemed to be upon the verge of an Anglo-Russian alliance. The Prince of Wales, having been the most prominent figure in the funeral processions of the dead Tsar, tarried in St. Petersburg as the chief friend and support of the young Nicholas II. until all Europe invested the incident with grave significance. There came at last an official statement from the Russian capital that M. de Staal had been selected for the vacant Russian Foreign Office, which appeared to be equivalent to a formal alliance. Then something mysterious happened, of which we know little now beyond the fact that the German Emperor had a hand—and not his ineffectual left hand—in it. Prince Lobanoff was brought from Vienna to assume the direction of the Russian Foreign Office, and from that hour the change began. Six months ago so much had altered that Russia was willing to disclose herself as individually blocking our progress in the Armenian affair. Matters have since gone so much further that to-day our relations with Russia, especially with reference to the Far East, are more strained than at any previous time since the Treaty of Berlin was signed.

Just as our Royal Family was closely concerned in

what promised at the beginning of 1895 to be our conquest of the new Tsar's affections, so it is conspicuously involved in the present rupture between London and St. Petersburg. It was at first announced that both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, with their wives, had promised to attend the great Coronation at Moscow, which will take place within not many days. At a certain stage of the cooling process it became known that the Prince had changed his mind, and would allow his son to go alone. Later on, it was ascertained that the Duke of York would not go either—a fact which caused all the more surprise as there are no other two sons of sisters in the whole "Almanach de Gotha" who bear a stronger physical resemblance to each other, or are bound together by more intimate ties of affection, than Nicholas II. and his cousin George. As arrangements stand now, England will be represented at Moscow by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with a suite of two persons—which from the point of view of Court Chamberlains will be as nearly as possible no representation at all.

With June the festivities at Moscow will be out of the way, and the signs all point to a revival of the international apprehensions with which this ill-starred year began. Another *coup d'état* is evidently preparing at Belgrade, and the Prince of Bulgaria, after confirming at Paris what he surmised or learned in St. Petersburg, will be ready to play his new part as Russia's lieutenant in whatever is to be done in the Balkans. No idea as to what is impending is given by any one; but there is in all quarters foreboding. By general consent, the intention of taking, or at least providing, the initiative is ascribed to Russia, and the further spoliation of Turkey is, of course, the object assigned. If these almost universal predictions of a forward Russian movement are justified by the event, we may take it for granted that Prince Lobanoff has convinced himself that there will be no resistance on the part of the Central Powers.

The new revolution in France stands for the moment in a state of arrested development. There were several ways in which M. Bourgeois could meet the reiterated condemnation of the Senate, and he has ostensibly chosen the part of resignation. On the 23rd instant he ceased to be Prime Minister, but he remains at the head of a combination which can make the post impossible to any one else, and which really holds the situation in its hand. It is an open question whether the confidence of the Senate is essential to a French Chamber, but no one can imagine a Ministry getting on with a hostile Chamber of Deputies. But even after M. Bourgeois had resigned and departed, this Chamber showed itself resolute in its defiance of the Senate, and intent upon either Bourgeois or the Deluge. Out of this deadlock, assuming that the Chamber does not recede from its position, the natural exit would be by the way of a dissolution; but the consent of the Senate is needed for this, and is not to be had. Nothing will remain, therefore, but to break a way through the *impasse* somehow, at the point where resistance is weakest. An "arranged" resignation of M. Faure is apparently in the minds of the Radical managers. The convention of the two houses at Versailles would then be summoned, and the National Assembly could seize the opportunity to revise the Constitution in the interest of a single Chamber. The understanding would be, of course, that M. Faure, was to be re-elected; but there is no apparent way of giving him an absolute guarantee of this, and so the risk of losing everything may well give him pause.

Mr. James Lowther very properly rebuked the Chancellor of the Exchequer for talking about "the propertied classes and the consuming classes," the former of whom, we were told, pay 48 per cent. and the latter 52 per cent. of the national revenue. The distinction is absurd and misleading, for the propertied or income-taxpaying classes are the largest consumers. In making the calculation every income-taxpayer must be multiplied by some average figure between two and twenty, for there is no payer of Income-tax who, besides consuming dutiable articles himself, has not at least



two or three consumers living on him as servants or relatives, whilst in a large country house the servants are as many as twenty. We do not believe for a moment that the non-income-taxpaying classes contribute 52 per cent. of the revenue, though, as they are more than two-thirds of the population, that would not be their fair proportion. It is something new to find a Radical like Sir Henry Fowler coming forward in defence of the income-taxpayer, and everybody must admit that the present basis of our Imperial taxation is dangerously narrow, and must be broadened.

We cannot resist the impression, after reading Thursday's debate, that Sir Henry Fowler and Sir William Harcourt are right, and that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has not framed his estimates for the year in a spirit of prudence. Here we have a Soudan expedition, a Matabele war, and the possibility of the gravest complications in the Transvaal. Yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer stoutly refuses to contemplate any extraordinary expenditure in connexion with Africa. Egypt is to pay for the Nile advance, and the Chartered Company is to pay for the Imperial troops in Matabeleland. We doubt whether the Egyptian Commissioners of the Caisse will sanction any very large payments out of their funds; and as for the Chartered Company, Sir William Harcourt is justified in questioning the security. With regard to the purchase of Consols at 113 the Chancellor of the Exchequer intends to stay his hand; but if the £50 limit on savings-banks deposits is to be maintained, and the automatic reduction of the National Debt is to go on, we see no reason why Consols should not go to 120.

Whatever else may be said against the Education Bill, it really cannot be said to aim a blow at popular control of education. As Mr. Chamberlain points out in his letter to Mr. Ansell, it extends representative control, for it places Voluntary and Board schools alike under the town and county councils, which Mr. Chamberlain thinks are more genuinely popular in their constitution than boards elected by the cumulative vote. It is interesting to note that Mr. Chamberlain is opposed to the principle of cumulative voting, and that as long ago as 1870 Birmingham preferred town councils to school boards as the local educational authority. It is not so easy as his enemies think to catch Mr. Chamberlain out.

Mr. Chamberlain has a weakness for quoting poetry in his speeches, which he probably learned from his early master, Mr. John Bright, who was always quoting second and third rate stuff from American versifiers. Quotation should be very sparingly resorted to in rhetoric, though its happy use is, of course, one of the most successful tricks of the trade. It is remarkable how seldom men of literary training like Mr. John Morley, whose mind must be full of tags, ever employ the device. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Arthur Balfour never quote, the former probably because he is rather a lover of science than of letters; the latter perhaps because, as he says of himself, he is not a classical scholar. Mr. Gladstone used to quote a good deal, Latin and English, but Lord Beaconsfield more rarely, though he once recited a long passage from Cicero—a most hazardous experiment. Sir William Harcourt is fond of an occasional quotation, which is always apt, but his familiarity with the literature of the last century is rather woven into his speeches than exhibited between inverted commas.

The statement that Lord Arthur Hill is to succeed Sir Henry Blake as Governor of Jamaica has been contradicted, and it has been asserted that Sir Henry Blake is to remain at Kingston beyond his term. It is well known that Lord Arthur Hill has asked for the appointment, and if it is true that it has been decided to leave Sir Henry Blake where he is, it can only mean the usual thing—namely, that the Secretary of State cannot decide between the rival candidates for the post. Lord Arthur Hill would make an excellent colonial governor, for he is courteous and accessible, with easy, popular manners. It would seem, however, a pity to waste a man with Lord Arthur's long training in politics upon a Crown colony: he ought to be sent to a colony

with responsible government, where a Governor with a House of Commons experience is invaluable. And there must shortly be more changes than one amongst the officials in South Africa.

It appears that the Brussels papers were premature in announcing that Major Lothaire had been acquitted before being tried; but the fact that the report originated in the Belgian capital, and was circulated in good faith, shows what those who know best think of the administration of justice at Boma. The point for us is, that it led to the interesting disclosure that the British Government had no means of ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the report. The situation, then, is this: a British subject is murdered in the territory of a friendly State, and his goods stolen by the murderer. Full trial and justice are promised, the accused meanwhile continuing his official career for some fifteen or sixteen months before he turns up for trial, and when the investigation is due at Boma, the British Government maintains such a detached attitude about the whole affair that it cannot or will not give the murdered man's relatives any information. The Foreign Office does not even seem to be quite sure whether it is represented at the trial or not. We are assured, however, that Major Lothaire is being proceeded against on an indictment under which it will be in the power of the tribunal, if he be found guilty, to inflict a fine of twenty-five francs! And all the while the Foreign Office gives no answer to the petition of Stokes's mother, who was dependent on an allowance from him, and who asks for some of the money in the hands of the Government to keep her from destitution.

Pity the poor Cobden Club! It has decided to hold a great jubilee dinner in June to celebrate the triumphs of Cobdenism in 1846. Mr. Leonard Courtney is to preside; but there appears to be a notable shyness among public men in attending. The latest refusal comes from the Duke of Devonshire, and it would really seem as if the celebrations were going to be a very bad "frost." The truth is that Cobdenism as a cult never stood lower than just at present. It is not that people are anti-Free-traders. Free-trade in breadstuffs is still recognized as the ideal policy for a manufacturing community. But people are beginning to think that even manufacturing supremacy may be bought too dearly at the cost of the utter ruin of agriculture; while, apart from Free-trade, Cobden's crude political ideas are utterly abhorrent to nine out of ten politicians on both sides of the House. He hated the colonies, and wished to see them cut off from the mother-country; the Volunteer movement filled him with dismay and disgust; legislation for the protection of the lives and health of workers and slum-dwellers was the subject of his constant opposition and misrepresentation. There is probably no man of such prominence whose views and opinions have been so utterly discredited within so short a time.

One of the most successful maiden speeches of the Session was that made by Mr. Pretymann in Monday's debate on Mr. Chaplin's Rating Bill. Mr. Pretymann is one of the many good-looking and well-dressed young Tories who floated into Parliament last summer, but he has more than the average share of brains and of wealth. He is the son of Canon Pretymann of Lincoln, and was an officer in the Artillery. He succeeded to the money and estates of his cousin, the late Colonel Tomline, M.P., of Orwell Park, Suffolk, and thereupon abandoned war for politics. When Mr. Pretymann sat down, Mr. Chamberlain, who has an eye for smart young men, congratulated him on his début.

Mr. Coghill, who sat in the '86 Parliament, was thrown out in '92, and came back in '95, has definitely left the Liberal-Unionists, and joined the Conservatives. We are delighted to welcome Mr. Coghill to our ranks; but how any one who is lucky enough to find himself in the bosom of a select coterie can voluntarily exchange it for the scuffle of a mob we cannot understand. From a worldly point of view Mr. Coghill has made a mistake; for the Liberal-Unionists are, proportionately, the richest, the most powerful, and the most exclusive party that has ever been known. They

appropriate all the best offices in the State, and Brooks's is a better club than the Carlton. Lord Eldon used to say in his old age that, could he begin life again, he would start as an agitator. Were the old rogue alive to-day, he would substitute Liberal-Unionist for agitator.

To say that the Radicals are all at sixes and sevens is to convey no idea of their disorganization. We have known all along that there was no love lost between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Vernon Harcourt; and Mr. John Morley, Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are all as independent as quills upon the fretful porcupine. And now Lord Rosebery has added to the general confusion. His lordship regards his life as of most uncertain tenure, and so he has thought of a successor. And he has chosen his successor with the ironic want of *savoir faire* which has distinguished all his actions as leader of the Liberal party. If Lord Rosebery's will is law, then Sir Edward Grey will be the heir to all his Parliamentary dignities and authority. We may admit at once that Sir E. Grey is preternaturally clever; he was, indeed, an undoubted success as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. But after all he is only a youth of thirty years of age, and to attempt to put him above the Asquiths and Harcourts and Fowlers is a piece of cynical insolence only to be explained by Lord Rosebery's incapacity to weigh men.

Sir Edward Grey is altogether an extraordinary creature. He is an athlete of some repute; a wonderful racquet-player, a good golfer, and salmon-fisher. A man, too, of brains and astonishing tact, but withered in a premature prudence, born old. Some say of him that when he left Cambridge and entered the House he was many years older than his grandfather, Sir George Grey, who in '69 or '70 was the oldest Home Secretary ever seen. Prudence, as Emerson says, goes a long way in life, but prudence arouses no enthusiasm; it certainly cannot make a beardless sage of thirty a great Parliamentary leader. Had Lord Rosebery played the game, had he had any consideration for his colleagues or his party, he might have honoured Mr. Asquith without breaking too sharply with tradition—but Sir Edward Grey! Sir Edward Grey must be regarded as the gravest of Lord Rosebery's indiscretions.

It would seem that the foreign correspondents of the "Times" have nothing better to do than to rake the columns of Continental newspapers for feeble and improbable lies about the Transvaal. In Thursday's issue there was a long communication from the "Hamburg Courier," in which it was stated that the police force at Johannesburg had been increased tenfold. We wonder whether the "Times" has the remotest idea of what the police force at Johannesburg is. It happens to be six hundred, and we cannot help asking, Does the "Times" really expect any one to believe that this force has been raised to six thousand men? Has this astonishing journal any conception of what a row there would be if this preposterous canard were true?

Sir John De Villiers, the Chief Justice of the Cape, who has just been made a Privy Councillor, is one of the ablest men in South Africa. The others are Sir James Sivewright, who will probably be the next Prime Minister of the Cape; Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, who directs the Afrikaner Bond and controls forty out of the fifty thousand Dutch voters in Cape Colony; and Kotzé, the Chief Justice of the Transvaal. Curiously enough, Kotzé and De Villiers were both members of the Inner Temple, and if that learned body made them both Benchers, it would be doing itself honour as well as recognizing the merit of two very distinguished men. Kotzé has married a Scotch wife, and is altogether the most moderate and wisest of President Kruger's advisers. It may be a surprise to the ordinary English reader, to whom Boer is apt to signify Barbarian, to learn that Chief Justice Kotzé is a man of the most charming manners and of the widest culture and reading. Every Englishman in South Africa must hope that in due process of time he will be President Kruger's successor.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE BOER QUESTION.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S references to the Transvaal and the general South African problem in his speech at the Constitutional Club on Wednesday evening are of great value, in so far as they reveal the conception of the situation which he has now formed. They show that he understands the situation better than he did, and sees more clearly than ever where the straight and safe road through the difficulties lies; and for this much we may be thankful. But they seem also to indicate that his alert mind has discovered certain points at which deviations from the main path marked out by public policy may be of advantage to his own political fortunes, and in that there are possibilities of danger.

All that he said about the vital importance to us of securing "at our backs the sympathy and support of the majority of the Dutch population in Africa," and of exhausting "all the resources of persuasion and argument and negotiation in order to bring about this object," was admirable. It is true, as he says, that "up to a recent date—until recent events—the sympathy of the Dutch population at the Cape, in the Orange Free State, and even of the progressive Dutchmen in the South African Republic itself, was with the Imperial Government, and with the Uitlanders in endeavouring to secure the redress of their grievances." He does not err either in declaring that "there has been a revulsion since," or in putting forward as the consummation most devoutly to be desired the restoration of "the situation as it was before the invasion of the Transvaal."

The suggestion of a false note comes in, however, when he takes up the question of the "Uitlanders' grievances" by itself. If we are not mistaken, he has hitherto taken a calmer and more temperate view of this phase of the subject. He uses very strong words now:—"The South African Republic at the present time stands alone among civilized nations in refusing to the majority of its population—the majority to which it owes all its prosperity—the commonest rights of citizenship. . . . the Administration is defective and corrupt . . . the preservation of order, the administration of the police, of the departments of State are subject to just criticism," &c. &c. That this indictment contains a very considerable leaven of truth is not to be denied, but when we find it thrust forward into prominence in an official speech, unaccompanied by any reference to the fact that a much more serious indictment is drawn at Pretoria against us, it is impossible not to feel a certain uneasiness as to what it all means. The grievances of the Uitlander have waxed and swelled like Jonah's gourd, until they so fill the Ministerial eye that that other grievance—a mere matter of treason, plotted revolution, and armed invasion of a friendly State—is quite lost to sight.

On the morning of the last Monday in December, President Kruger in Executive Council considered the petition of the Uitlanders' Reform Committee for the redress of their grievances. Of the three points raised he conceded two. He assented to a decree that Treasury subventions should be given to English-speaking schools on the Rand, and to another permitting all perishable food products to be brought over the border for Johannesburg free of duty. The remaining question, that of facilitating the naturalization of Uitlanders and their acquirement of full civic rights, he and the Council perforce reserved for the action of the Raad. This was done on the Monday morning, at an hour when Dr. Jameson's guerilla-raiders, who had started the previous evening, were well on their way across the Republic's territory, but while Pretoria was still in complete ignorance of the invasion. In other words, the Uitlanders had actually gained two out of their main contentions, and had obtained some encouragement from the Transvaal Executive as to the third, when the tidings of Dr. Jameson's raid came violently to arrest progress and indefinitely postpone peaceful developments.

It seems to us that a knowledge of these facts should restrain Mr. Chamberlain from urging internal reforms upon President Kruger at this moment. If, as Mr.



Chamberlain properly says, our aim now should be, above all things, to "restore the situation as it was before the invasion of the Transvaal," we confess that we should like to hear him dwelling more upon our own duties in the matter, and less upon the Boers' "contemptuous refusal of reasonable claims . . . which has been the cause of difficulties in the past, and which, if persisted in, must of necessity be the cause of further difficulties in the future." This is giving undue prominence to one side of the matter, and it is not to be wondered at that not only the Boers themselves, but the Dutch Afrikaners in our own colonies, resent it.

In his earlier speeches Mr. Chamberlain showed a clear perception of the fact that events had thrust the Uitlander question, temporarily at least, into the background. It cannot be dragged again to the front, without seriously endangering our whole position in Africa, until the men of Dutch blood, whether our subjects or our neighbours, have been brought to believe once more in our good faith and our sense of fairness. It is not their fault that this confidence in us has been shaken, and they know it, and understand very well that we know it too. They are willing, and even anxious, to be convinced that what has happened was the result of a flurry of midwinter madness, and that we are prepared to resume the old friendly relations with candour and honesty. But to bully and threaten, and try to make it appear that it is the Boers who are to blame, and the Boers alone, is not the way to reassure our own Afrikaners, much less to reconcile the stiff-necked burghers of the Transvaal.

Unhappily, we have people who possess wealth and influence and exceptional facilities for making themselves heard and felt, to whom this idea of thrusting the Uitlander willy-nilly down the Boer's throat is extremely fascinating. Even when they comprehend that such a course can only precipitate a great war, and jeopardize our South African Empire, they are not deterred from urging its adoption. There is more than one hint in Mr. Chamberlain's latest speech that he has listened to these people, and that he is dallying with the possibility of pleasing them while avoiding the perils which their folly seems to involve. We cannot too earnestly adjure him to turn away from this temptation, if indeed it has allured him. That way lie certain danger and even ruin.

Mr. Chamberlain's own exhortation to patience is the truer word. England has all to lose, and nothing to gain, by a policy of restlessness in South Africa. Up to the unlucky hour when the "forward" impulse translated itself into action, and came so near destroying our hold upon the continent, the movement of natural forces was all in our favour. England at the Cape represents the thousand varied attractions, opportunities, and gratified appetites which we vaguely lump together under the name of civilization. The English connexion makes South Africa a part of the modern, progressive, up-to-date world—the world of telegraphs and newspapers, of electric lights and evening clothes, the open market and the democratic stock exchange—from which a purely Dutch colony like Java is practically as far removed as the moon. The Afrikaner of whatever blood comprehends this, and his instincts draw him towards England not less than his interests. Even in archaic and puritan communities like the Transvaal and Orange Republics, the drift of the young people toward English ideas and habits is ceaseless and irresistible in seasons of peace and good feeling. As soon as a Boer is educated, or as soon as he makes a little money, he becomes a progressive, an English sympathizer. The highest wisdom is to trust to these great natural influences, which are at work for us in Africa as elsewhere, and to behave civilly and honourably to those about us, the while we await in confident patience the fulfilment of our imperial destiny.

#### THE EMBARRASSED OPPOSITION.

WHEN Mr. Chamberlain told the enthusiastic diners at the Constitutional Club on Wednesday that the Government owed its remarkable position not so much to the merits of the Unionist party as to the

"profound dissatisfaction" of the country with their opponents, he may have meant it merely as a rhetorical artifice; but all the same the phrase exactly characterizes the situation. The Ministry have, on the whole, done well during their ten months of office. They have not committed more mistakes than are usual with such composite groups, and although even yet the sight on the Front Bench of certain gentlemen evokes a feeling of amused surprise, it is clear that the Government are settling down into a thoroughly homogeneous and workmanlike body, fit to give a good account of themselves in the country or in the House. Still we must admit that all this, by itself, is not sufficient to account for the situation. The programme for the Session is now before us in its entirety. It contains two great and acutely controversial measures and half a dozen smaller ones, each sufficient in itself to have produced in the 1886 Parliament a whole crop of incidents—furious debates, suspensions, close divisions, demands for instant dissolution, and so forth. Now their appearance only serves to widen and deepen the feeling of depression on the Opposition benches. It is not a mere question of numbers, for some of the most brilliant Parliamentary skirmishing of our time has been carried on by an Opposition in a permanent and hopeless minority. But then the minority in those cases believed in itself and in its leader, while the present divided and leaderless Opposition has not yet been able to make up its mind about either principles or a policy.

The truth, of course, is that the so-called Liberal party, especially during the last ten years, has been what the Tory party was fifty years ago accused by Mr. Disraeli of having become—an organized hypocrisy. Ever since his first Ministry in 1869, indeed, Mr. Gladstone had been making experiments in what the Duke of Argyll in a lucid moment nicknamed "Old-Parliamentary-handism"—in other words, the wheedling and "blarneying" of reluctant minorities, united for no common object, but each bent on some private aim, which it was fondly hoped might be gained by the assistance of the others. After the secession of 1886 this process lost all its artistic finish, and became a mere gross and palpable bidding for votes at any cost. No fad was too ridiculous to be encouraged with hopes of ultimate acceptance, if only the faddist would in the meantime vote for Irish Home Rule. Even during Mr. Gladstone's leadership this system had begun to break down: after his retirement it utterly collapsed. The natural result is that the half-dozen factions which Mr. Gladstone's name alone held together are eyeing each other with suspicion and dislike, and that no plan of campaign can be decided on that does not involve the risk of provoking an open mutiny. Whether it is Home policy or Foreign affairs, an Irish Land Bill or the Transvaal negotiations, one section of the Opposition is sure to cry "back" when the others cry "forward."

Six months ago the newspapers still faithful to this most embarrassed Opposition bade them be of good hope, for the Education question was coming. Day after day, week after week, from the "Daily Chronicle" down to the "Speaker," the cry was the same:—"Let them touch the Education question. Let them attempt to limit the energy of the School Boards and they will see an uprising in the country that will shatter even a majority of 150." But the Education Bill is introduced, and there is no uprising. The fiery cross, indeed, was sent out—Parliament Street is still strong in circulars—but the meetings have been so poor and so unenthusiastic that even the Opposition papers have been ashamed to report them at length. The whole Irish brigade have wheeled out of line, and stand in sullen hostility, the only point of doubt being whether they are to remain neutral or actively to ally themselves with the Government forces in support of the Bill. In exchange the Opposition have got Mr. Dixon of Birmingham, and a kind of contingent remainder in Mr. Courtney. The preparations for the re-establishment of the old Birmingham League were getting on pretty well till Mr. Chamberlain pointed out a couple of days ago that municipal or county control and the devolution of authority were the very keystone of the Bir-

mingham Scheme of 1870, so that if the League were to be set going again with its old programme, it would have to support the Bill instead of opposing it. Can it be that a knowledge of a few points like this, and of the two-edged nature of the weapon which the united Opposition is now pledged to, have something to do with Mr. Acland's unfortunate inability to move the rejection of the Bill? Mr. Asquith is free to do so, for he has no educational past, and he can be trusted to speak to his brief. The only result of this section of the campaign promises to be an increase of the Government's majority from 150 to a certain 200, and a possible 300, if the Irish members cannot be prevented from voting.

As for the Irish Land Bill, it seems very clear that a division will not even be challenged. The Irish members, of course, want more—they always do—but the majority of them are quite awake to the fact that if they do not take this they may get nothing. Their only fear is that too much talk may smother the Bill, and if it were put to them in a secret ballot whether they would prefer to accept it *en bloc* and without discussion or risk the loss of it altogether, we believe there would be a unanimous vote for its acceptance. With a normal Opposition it would be quite impossible to carry the Education Bill and the Irish Bill in one Session, together with the other contentious measures with which the Government have overloaded the ship, but with such opponents everything is possible. The Opposition is placed in such an embarrassing position that no sustained fight on any point is to be anticipated; for on no single full-dress division during the Session will they be able to rally their normal strength. An Irish member has angrily said that the debates raised by his colleagues have sunk to the level of Scotch debates—a series of speeches in an empty House, to which English members can neither be got to listen nor to reply. But even the Scotch Radicals are fairly united on purely Scotch subjects, whereas there is a bitterness of personal and political hostility among the Irish members that has probably never been equalled in English public life. Mr. Healy refuses to acknowledge or to serve under Mr. Dillon, or even to sit on the party Committee with him. Among the English members we find Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Lloyd George caballing against their leaders, and every section threatens to develop as many subsections as a clause in Mr. Gerald Balfour's Land Bill. With such an Opposition even a French Ministry would be hard put to it to discover an excuse for falling.

#### THE AGRICULTURAL RATING BILL.

IN every argument it is a great advantage when the major premiss is agreed upon by both parties. That the present condition of agriculture is a grave national calamity was freely admitted on Monday by both parties in the House of Commons. As Sir Henry Fowler said, "The controversy would not be as to the existence of the calamity, but as to the wisdom and justice of the remedy the right hon. gentleman proposed." When a great national industry is sick, almost unto death, it is impossible but that the relief held out by the State should violate political economy in a greater or less degree. The canons of political economy are based upon a healthy, not a morbid, condition of society, just as the ordinary rules of living are intended for a robust, not a sick, body. But this prudery about political economy comes very badly from the mouth of the Radical party. Of all parties in the State, they cannot, with any show of decency, raise a clamour about the neglect of political economy. Their revered chief formally banished that respectable science to the planets of Jupiter and Saturn, and every step which the Radicals have taken in Irish land legislation has been a gross outrage upon its most elementary precepts. As between landlord and tenant they have reverted from freedom of contract to status; they have confiscated reversionary interests without compensation; they have proposed to reinstate tenants evicted for non-payment of statutory rents at the expense of the public; and on Wednesday last a member of their party proposed to apply these questionable principles to England. Therefore, the less we hear from these clamant confiscators about economic heterodoxy and

unsound finance, the better for the rags of consistency that still cling to the fugitive Rump of the Radical party.

Mr. Chaplin proposes that after the 31st of next March agricultural lands shall be assessed for rates at one-half of their value. The deficiency that will thus be caused is estimated at £1,500,000, which is to be paid to the local rating authorities by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, £750,000 being paid in the six months preceding March out of the estimated surplus, and the other £750,000 being provided out of the revenue of next year. It is very lucky for the Government that they have so large a surplus, as it would certainly have been impossible to impose fresh taxation for such a purpose; and we really do not know what they will do if next Budget day, owing to one cause or another, say a war, they have to estimate for a deficit instead of a surplus. The two main objections to this arrangement are that the payment of rates out of Imperial funds must encourage extravagance in the local authorities, and that the relief will go into the pockets of the landlords, on whom, according to some authorities, the burden of rates ultimately falls. These two points we think Mr. Chaplin met very fairly and sufficiently. The grant from the Exchequer is fixed at a million and a half. If the wants of the local authorities exceed that sum, the excess will fall in the main on the houses and buildings, which are rated at their full value. If the demands of the local authorities are less than the fixed grant, then the surplus will be devoted to the relief of the rates on houses and buildings. Consequently the tendency of the Bill will be to encourage economy, not extravagance; for it will be the interest of everybody to reduce the deficiency below the Government grant, so that they may divide the surplus. We admit the full force of Sir Henry Fowler's contention that the Government will become "the largest ratepayers in the country" with no control over the spending of the rates. We recognize the weight of Sir George Cornewall's protest, quoted by Sir William Harcourt, against "a national poor-rate." But these are, after all, theoretic objections, and are partially, at all events, removed by Mr. Chaplin's practical safeguard. The second point, that this is a landlords' relief Bill, Mr. Chaplin answered out of the mouth of Mr. Channing, who said, in his separate report to the Royal Commission, "It is in my opinion matter of absolute demonstration from the evidence before the Commission, and from the farm accounts sent in, that the tenant-farmer has been bearing personally, during the whole of the period of depression since 1879, and is now bearing personally, the whole of the rates and other local burdens on his farm." The fact, of course, is that in the present condition of agriculture any landlord who should attempt to raise his rents on a decrease of rates would deserve, as Captain Pretymann said, to be sent as a specimen to the Zoological Gardens.

Sir William Harcourt flourished in the face of the Tories a speech made by Mr. Disraeli in 1849, in which that statesman proposed to place half the local taxation of the entire nation upon the Imperial Exchequer. And this brings us to what is, perhaps, the greatest difficulty of the situation, the conflicting interest in this matter of town and country. It is impossible as yet to ascertain what the towns think of Mr. Chaplin's measure. Mr. Ascroft, who represents Oldham, one of the largest towns in Lancashire, welcomed the Bill, and told the House that he had just returned from a great meeting of his constituents, who unanimously passed a resolution asking him to support the Bill. Mr. George Whiteley, who sits for Stockport, not twenty miles off, opposed the Bill vehemently, on the ground that the cotton trade has suffered as seriously as agriculture, and that his constituents ought to have half *their* rates paid. The real opinion of Lancashire perhaps we shall get at in time; but meanwhile we may be sure that the Radicals will do their utmost to fan the flame between town and country, and it is quite possible that they may succeed in injuring the Government with the urban ratepayers. No town has suffered more from the increase of rates under an extravagant School Board and a reckless County Council than London, and London has not yet spoken. But it is idle, we know, to forecast the opinion of London on this or any other



question, for London speaks habitually with sixty voices. But the very foundations of our system of local taxation must be wrong when we see the extraordinary discrepancy between rural and urban rating. In the towns, the rateable value, except in a few cases where a premium has been paid for the lease, is considerably less than the rent. In the country, according to Mr. Chaplin's official figures, the assessment is sometimes as much as fifty per cent. more than the rent. There is another very important discrepancy. The tradesman is rated upon his premises, but not upon his stock in trade. The farmer is rated upon his premises and upon his stock in trade, for his acres are his stock in trade. To place urban and rural rating upon the same basis, Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove should be assessed not only on the value of their shop, but on the value of the silks and velvets in their shop. That is how the farmer is rated. But everybody admits that the whole system of local taxation requires overhauling, and Mr. Chaplin has promised to appoint a Committee to inquire into urban rating. One word in conclusion. Captain Pretymann, in a speech of remarkable intelligence and promise, observed that if Parliament could not devise a system by which the agricultural interest could be maintained on the land, we were within measurable distance of Protection. As if to clinch his argument, Sir William Harcourt declared that a rise of 6d. in wheat would give as much relief as Mr. Chaplin's Bill, and a rise of 5s. in wheat would give ten times as much relief. Captain Pretymann is clearly in the right, despite of Mr. Haldane's patronizing assurance that the settlement of 1846 had been made once for all, and perhaps some day the country will remember Sir William Harcourt's interesting calculation.

#### PRESIDENT KRUGER AS HE IS.

##### PART I.

THERE have been so many word-portraits of Paul Kruger, so many contradictory accounts of his motives and objects, that a man with a new impression of him may well feel some diffidence in putting it forward. But after all, the character of a ruler is discovered by invasions and rebellions, and it is easier now to see Kruger as he is than it was a year ago. Speaking roughly, one is able to divide the existing descriptions of the President into two classes—those made by his friends, and those made by his foes. His admirers have presented him to us as a sort of Boer Cromwell—unlettered, it is true, and unacquainted with the conditions of modern life, but gifted with the faculties of a leader and ruler of his people—courageous, honest, pious. The picture of him given by his detractors, on the other hand, is not so consistent nor so clear in outline; the features are blurred by contradictions or dehumanized by exaggeration; but, if hate cannot give us a recognizable or even a possible portrait of the man, it can put forward facts and arguments which make one believe that this Village Cromwell is a more complex, and therefore a more human and interesting, if a less ethically perfect, being than his worshippers imagine. "You call Kruger honest and disinterested," cry his adversaries, with a fine scorn; "how, then, do you account for the fact that he's worth three or four hundred thousand pounds—all made in the last eight or ten years?" And if one in defence adduces the fact that President Kruger has always saved seven-eighths of his salary, and invested his savings in farms near Johannesburg and Pretoria, which have increased thirty-fold in value in the last decade—if, in fact, one shows that Kruger's wealth has been accumulated honestly, and that, had he been dishonest, he could easily have been worth as many millions as he is now worth hundreds of thousands, his adversaries, instead of admitting the argument, go on to point out that Kruger has winked at bribes taken by his relatives and distributed monopolies among his friends, and that the administration of the Transvaal Government is dishonourably distinguished by incompetence and corruption. "This Government differs from all other Governments," said a financier to me the other day in Johannesburg, "in that here you have to buy not only the masters but the men. If you want a document from a Government department, you have

to distribute 'fivers' to the clerks in order to get it in any reasonable time." All this is probably true. It must be remembered, however, in extenuation, that the Boers, a few thousand ignorant farmers, scattered over a great territory, have had in the last ten years to constitute a Government which should be able to handle all the details of a complex modern civilization, a civilization, too, that has grown, and is growing, with unexampled rapidity. Eight years ago there was open veldt dotted with half a dozen makeshift tents and twenty or thirty bullock-wagons where to-day stands the town of Johannesburg, with its hundred thousand inhabitants, its streets of brick and stone, its Club, its newspaper offices, and its Mining Exchanges. The forty miles of veldt along the Rand, which could have been bought in 1885 for a few thousand pounds, is now worth over three hundred millions. Men who ten years ago were struggling clerks or needy adventurers are to-day millionaire mine-owners whose names are mentioned with respect in every European capital. Temptations beget faults, and a society that has suddenly shot up from poverty to riches can scarcely hope to be distinguished for honesty. It is sufficient, surely, to say here, that, if Kruger has allowed bribes to be taken by his relatives and dependents, if he has given concessions to his friends that trammel industry, and has thus enriched partisans at the public expense, his personal honesty has not been seriously impugned. Under great temptation he has been what Hamlet calls "indifferent honest"—honest, that is, after the fashion of poor human nature. For there are those of us who would have our children and relations immaculately virtuous, as if to atone for our shortcomings, while Kruger seems content to let those near and dear to him fill their pockets as they can, provided his own hands are clean.

And if his personal honesty is indisputable, even more can be said of his courage; for courage, indeed, is of the essence of the man; he has shown all sides of it—save perhaps one. His mere physical courage and insensibility of nerves are extraordinary—perfect in old age as in youth. More than forty years ago he himself amputated the thumb of his left hand, injured in a gun explosion; and a few years ago, when suffering from toothache, he gave proof of similar hardihood. Some of the enlightened members of his family begged him to go to the dentist. But, after hearing what the charges of the tooth-doctor would be, Kruger angrily rejected the suggestion. A night or two later the pain increased so that he could not sleep, whereupon he got up and prised the tooth out with his own clasp-knife, and went to sleep afterwards without more ado. A mighty hunter from his youth up—he has killed lions and buffalo with his old single-barrelled muzzle-loader—the temper of his seventieth year is that of his early manhood. While driving the other day with Chief Justice Kotzé to see the President, the Chief Justice told me that when the news reached Pretoria, late on Tuesday, 31 December, that Jameson with his force was nearing Krugersdorp, he found that Kruger had ordered his horse to be saddled, and was getting out his rifle, in order to go and personally lead his burghers to battle. "Now that this Jameson's on the veldt," cried the old man exultantly, "we'll soon see what he's worth"; "and it took a great deal of argument to persuade the President," said the Chief Justice, "that his brains here in Pretoria were of more value to the State than his hand and eye out yonder on the veldt."

Kruger's moral courage is so marked that it might be mistaken for obstinacy. Year by year as the Outlanders have increased in number, and as Johannesburg has grown in wealth and influence, Kruger has diminished the privileges of the foreign emigrants. Before 1885 it was possible for any one to become a fully naturalized burgher of the Transvaal after a residence of two years and a declaration of allegiance. To-day one may pass one's life in the Transvaal with the satisfaction of knowing that one's children born and bred in the State will be regarded as foreigners. And Kruger is quite willing to take the responsibility for this retrograde action. As a rule, it is true, he tells you that the Volksraad is responsible for these measures; but pushed into a corner he will not deny his initiative. At the back of his mind there is the justifi-

cation aptly phrased by his chief Hollander adviser, "As the flood rises, we build the dykes higher." On the other hand, this moral courage makes noble deeds possible to him. When Jameson and his force were prisoners in Pretoria certain Boers demanded the immediate trial and punishment at least of the leader and the officers. But Kruger stood out against argument and anger with resolute imperturbability. One would have said, indeed, that he took a certain pleasure in the assertion of his personal will. But fairness of mind or worldly wisdom and a deep knowledge of the character of his people was shown in the way he went about among the malcontents, setting forth his reasons for exercising mercy, and gradually persuading every one that Oom Paul felt as he felt, though as head of the State he was compelled to adopt a higher course of conduct—a course justifiable by Holy Writ, and not inconsistent with policy. Again and again in the last three or four months Kruger has stood against public opinion, and at length swayed it to his service. Yet even his high moral courage suffers human lapses; his enemies say that his word is quite untrustworthy. It would be nearer the truth to state that he is impressionable, easily moved by those whom he trusts, and that when moved he makes promises which his practical sense prevents him from fulfilling. His adversaries give curious instances of the peculiar way in which he twists Scriptural texts for self-justification. But all this testifies to the necessity Kruger feels of explaining and justifying his backslidings; in fact, it almost amounts to a proof that the man is in the main truth-loving.

I can say nothing as to Kruger's piety. He belongs to the strictest sect of Calvinists, is proud even of being a "Dopper." It is worth while to explain this word, because it shows the extremely close relationship that exists between the Boers and the English. "Dopper" comes from "dop," which is the German "Topf," a bowl, and is supposed to apply to this sect of religionists, because they wore their hair as if the barber had put a bowl upon their heads, and cut round it. According to this derivation, which seems the most probable, "Roundhead" would be an almost perfect translation of "Dopper."

Paul Kruger is not only a sectary, but also a preacher of considerable eminence. Almost opposite his house there stands a "Dopper" church, and there President Kruger often holds forth to the intense edification of the faithful. In truth, there is a good deal of the orator in Oom Paul, and not a little of the actor as well. As Cromwell is said to have been an epileptic, so this Boer Cromwell is something of a neuropath. Had he been educated, he would have shown a subtle and wide intelligence. Even now, according to Chief Justice Kotzé, he will discuss such questions as immortality and the beneficence of the Deity with a singularly fair appreciation of the arguments that make against his own belief, which he nevertheless recurs to, as if yielding to an overpowering instinct developed through generations of pious forbears.

Now, before telling of my meeting with the President and what he said to me, which I shall try to do in the next issue of this paper, I would like to resume my impressions of him by saying that he is worthy to be compared to Cromwell. His honesty and truthfulness suffer somewhat the same qualifications as did these qualities in his great prototype. If we must rank his ability lower than that of Cromwell, his inferiority may well be due to the smallness of the field allotted to him by circumstances; and in the qualities wherein Cromwell was pre-eminent—in magnanimity, in constancy, and in courage—history, maybe, will accord Paul Kruger a place but little lower than that held by the great Englishman.

F. H.

#### ROENTGEN RADIOGRAPHY AND ITS USES.

IT will be my endeavour in this paper to give some precise account of the Roentgen rays, of their qualities, their mode of action, and of the uses to which they may be put. The notable property of Roentgen rays is not that they traverse opaque matter, but that they travel in straight lines while doing so. Ordinary opacity has reference merely to the physical agent which appeals

to the retina; but physicists are aware of many other varieties of radiation, and some of these have long been known to be capable of penetrating such things as wood and ebonite, or even brick and stone, without much difficulty. Indeed, *sound* is a kind of radiation with which every one is familiar, and no one expects ordinary optical transparency and opacity to govern the transmissibility of sound.

But no hitherto-known kind of radiation was able to traverse obliquely-set material boundaries without being deflected from its straight path, nor was any known kind of radiation able to plunge through a mass of irregular substance without being scattered by repeated reflections. The radiation first studied by Lenard and now developed by Roentgen suffers no reflection, or next to none, when it enters dense matter, nor is it bent or deviated by any irregularities in shape; it plunges straight on in a straight line until its energy has been all absorbed. What becomes of the energy it is premature to say—it may turn into heat in the orthodox way, or it may be consumed in producing chemical dissociation. The immediate destination of the quenched Roentgen ray is a problem still awaiting solution by further experiment.

At present we know that the ray travels in straight lines, that it is stopped completely and suddenly by no form of matter, that everything is more or less transparent to it, but that dense materials are more opaque than others. It does not appear to be realized by the general public that the difference between transparency and opacity is a question of degree, and that there is no sharp distinction between them. Opacity is a thing capable of being expressed numerically: an obstacle of which every inch of thickness stops 20 per cent. of the radiation falling on it would cast a certain shadow; an obstacle of which every inch stops 50 per cent. would cast a deeper shadow, and so on. And all grades of opacity exist, from the 5 per cent. kind to the 95 per cent. kind. It is upon this discriminating property of matter, combined with the straightforward travelling power of the new rays, that all their present applications are based.

Chemical powers, however, they do possess, and it is on them that we depend for their detection, for they affect none of our sense-organs directly; they make fluorescent bodies shine, and they precipitate the unstable chemical compounds cunningly arranged in a modern photographic film. Both these properties were known and used by Lenard and by Roentgen. The first property enables the shadows cast by the rays on a screen covered by a suitable powder to be temporarily seen, the second property allows the same shadows cast upon a sensitive film to be subsequently developed and fixed. Looking at the shadows or at their photographs, we are able to form a judgment as to the shape and material of the object which threw that shadow: and that is the whole process.

The applications of the rays hitherto made, and likely to be made in the near future, lie in the fields of surgery, anatomy, and pathology. The first and easiest application is the location of foreign metallic bodies, such as bullets and needles. This application will soon become so rapid and easy as probably to supersede all other methods of detection. Given the necessary apparatus, it can be rigged up in any room in a quarter of an hour or less, and by that time the eye of an observer may have been accustomed to darkness sufficiently to make it of service for the kind of vision required. If a photographic plate is going to be used no darkness is needed; the plate must be kept properly wrapped up so that no light can get to it; but the use of such a plate implies that the locality of the foreign body is roughly known. For difficult cases, as when a bullet is imbedded in the trunk or in the brain, it may be necessary to use a photographic plate, and in any case it may be convenient to have a record of the result; but for rapid exploration of the extremities direct vision is sufficient.

The observer, having been kept in darkness for some time, applies his eye at about ten inches from a prepared screen, and upon that screen the shadow of the arm or foot is then cast by another operator, who uses a suitable Roentgen-Crookes tube as his source of the invisible rays. The hand and foot are so transparent that nothing



more than this would be necessary in their case; but for cases such as the knee or the trunk, where there is a great thickness either of bone or of other tissue to get through, it may become necessary to employ the accumulating power of a photographic plate, and to give a fairly long exposure—half an hour, perhaps, or more if the source of the rays is not working well. The plate is more sensitive than the eye, because of its power of storing up an impression of some one thing; whereas the eye is adapted for roaming about and looking at a succession of things. The difference has been emphasized by the triumphs of celestial photography.

It seems likely that the out-patient department of a large hospital will hereafter have a sort of confessional-box in one corner, with a dark interior enclosing the skilled observer, and with a conveniently placed fluorescent screen let into its wall. An operator outside will manipulate the apparatus, and thus one patient after another, by exposing themselves to the stream of rays falling upon this screen, may have their injuries or deformities located and described by aid of the shadow which they cast upon the screen.

Next in ease to foreign bodies come injured bones and joints, fractures, dislocations, gouty accretions, diseased solid growths, malformations, and the like. Already, however, surgeons are well able to diagnose such cases as these, and perhaps they may feel that no further aid is necessary. It does not follow, however, that they will not make use of the new process, for the sake of greater speed and precision, whenever it becomes handily available. The cases hitherto reported on in this direction, as showing the results of operations such as bone-grafting, joint excision, and the like, have been more in the way of curiosity and interest than of real necessity. There have been a few exceptions, of which the most important have been connected with the condition of the vertebræ in a damaged spine.

But when we leave the bones and come to the internal organs, especially the abdominal organs, the case is different. No method of examination from the outside has yet been satisfactory in the abdominal region. To find, for instance, if there is a renal calculus, the kidney must be cut down into; and the abdominal walls are, in fact, frequently opened for the mere purpose of diagnosis, although no operation may be ultimately found necessary. So great, however, is modern surgical skill with antiseptic methods that, it is said, the patients are usually rather benefited by these explorations than the reverse; but, nevertheless, every surgeon must feel that an easier and quicker process, giving sufficient diagnostic power in the region of the abdomen, is eminently desirable. In the region of the chest the stethoscope has already supplied the want, and to the trained ear every occurrence going on in heart and lungs is thereby made as plainly manifest as if they were laid open. Is it too much to hope that before long the Roentgen rays will do for the abdomen what the stethoscope has done for the thorax? I myself have taken radiographs—at first of animals, afterwards of human subjects—in which the interior organs appear: the liver is an opaque mass; the kidneys are relatively transparent; the coils of the intestines are shewn, at least in a dead subject, but in life internal movements are apt to obliterate them, so that they only show indistinctly.

Foreign metallic bodies in the viscera are readily perceived; but calculi are more difficult. There is always the uncertainty as to whether in any given case a calculus exists or not; but the real difficulty is the inadequate opacity of these bodies, combined with the objection to a long exposure on account of the probability of internal movements which will obliterate or blur the resulting outlines. But how long is it since the original discovery? That anything at all can be so soon accomplished is remarkable. Whenever anything like bright instantaneous vision of shadows cast by rays which have penetrated the trunk is possible, all these difficulties will disappear. There will remain another difficulty, and one very noticeable already. The shadows or their photographic records may be clear and distinct in themselves, but they are not easy to read. Take a simple object like a few complete vertebræ with their processes, and use it to cast a shadow on a white wall, with a point of light as source: the shadow may be puzzling. Now

imagine the bone partially transparent so that the shadow is no longer an outline, but a superposed mass of detail—to the untrained eye it will be still more confusing. But the information given by such a shadow is essentially good; there is far more in it than in an outline shadow; and after long practice no doubt every detail, in any aspect, of such a bone shadow may be easily read. The appearance of the dim and blurred shadow of the superposed viscera is at present still more confusing. Even an anatomist may have to grope his way among them and half guess what each patch of varied shading is; but then he has never seen such a photograph before. Let any novice try listening at a stethoscope for the first time, how much detail could he make out, no matter how well he really knew the events to which he was confusedly listening? Yet the stethoscope has proved itself of the utmost service. Can it be doubted that the new method of indirect ocular inspection will in turn yield results every whit as instructive for diagnosis as the present acoustic method of exploration does?

Only it must be remembered that the radiographic method will need to be learnt; it must not be supposed that a hasty inspection of a shadow will yield all that is to be got out of it. Long experience of similar pictures of both healthy and diseased structures, and of anatomical preparations suitably injected, will be necessary before a race of medical practitioners arises to whom the new method of diagnosis will be as familiar, and as much above the powers of untrained laymen, as are now what will then have become the dim and difficult and groping methods of a bygone day.

OLIVER LODGE.

#### A BLIND GUIDE IN VICTORIAN LITERATURE.\*

IT may be conceded at once that a more difficult task could not have been entrusted to any one than that undertaken by Professor Saintsbury in the present volume. To condense within the compass of some four hundred and seventy octavo pages a biographical and critical history of English literature from the end of the last century to the present day would seem to be an enterprise predestined to failure. If treated in detail, it could hardly fail to degenerate into a mere dictionary of authors and a catalogue of books; if treated broadly and comprehensively, it would be equally in danger, unless in the hands of a master of rare erudition, tact, and judgment, of becoming a mere record of opinions, impressions, and vague generalities. Professor Saintsbury, as his preface shows, has been perfectly aware of all this, and has formed a very just notion both of what his work ought to be and of what his work ought not to be. We certainly cannot congratulate him on the success with which he has realized his ideal, but we hasten to say that in the composition and arrangement of his work he has shown himself a skilled craftsman. He has managed without much confusion to condense into the narrow space at his disposal a large amount of miscellaneous information; his narrative, though crowded with facts and detail, is—faults of style and faults of taste apart—on the whole readable, and if there is much which is offensive, and more which is questionable, there is much also which will be instructive to tiroes in his critical epitomes, particularly in the concluding chapter.

But here, we regret to say, commendation must end. The book is, we presume, designed not so much for the use of general readers as for that of students of English literature, designed to become a text-book and a book of reference. One of the first requisites of such a book is that it should be trustworthy, and no duty can be more imperative on the authors of books intended to serve this purpose than that they should spare no pains to secure accuracy. When we inspected this volume we had no wish to find fault with Professor Saintsbury. Knowing the extent of the ground covered by his work, and well aware of the impossibility of altogether guard-

\* "A History of Nineteenth Century Literature, 1780-1895." By George Saintsbury, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

ing against slips and errors in such multiplicity of detail, we were prepared to make all allowances. But we were not prepared for what a very slight examination sufficed to discover. There is scarcely a chapter in it which does not teem with blunders and misrepresentations, some having their origin in simple carelessness, many indicating that Professor Saintsbury is very imperfectly equipped in point of information for the task he has undertaken. To begin with comparative trifles. The dates of the birth of Gifford, Beckford, Hogg, Bloomfield, Allan Cunningham, Ebenezer Elliott, Mrs. Hemans, Lord Lytton, Miss Mitford, Charles Lamb, Kinglake, Charles Kingsley, Jeremy Bentham, John O'Keefe; the dates of the death of Blake, Dr. John Moore, Mrs. Radcliffe, William Gilpin, Coleridge, Shelley, Mrs. Hemans, T. L. Beddoes, Sara Coleridge, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Mrs. Craik, Cardinal Manning, H. A. J. Munro are all incorrectly given. Some of them are several years wrong. It may be added that many of the worst of these blunders are corrected in the Index though left uncorrected in the text. The Index, by the way, appears to have little connexion with the text, but has plainly been compiled by another hand, as is very amusingly illustrated by the following:—On p. 246 William Johnson, who afterwards took the name of Cory, the author of "Ionica," is mentioned; we turn to the Index, and we get the dates of the birth and death of William Johnson, the inventor of the Madras System of Education. On p. 33 we are informed that Godwin's "Life of Chaucer" appeared in 1801; the first two volumes appeared in 1803, and were the subject in that year of the most amusing review which Sir Walter Scott ever wrote. The last two appeared in 1804. Kinglake's "Eothen" appeared in 1844, not in 1847; Knowles's "William Tell" in 1825, not in 1834; the first two volumes of Alison's "History" in 1833, not between 1839 and 1859. Of a work so famous as "Vathek" we have the following slovenly account:—"Vathek" (1783), respecting the composition of which in French or English divers stories are told. "Vathek" did not appear in 1783. It was written in French in 1781 or 1782, and published anonymously and surreptitiously in 1784 in an English version, the original appearing at Paris and Lausanne in 1787. On p. 77 we are told that "Childe Harold" was published in 1812; the third and fourth cantos were published respectively in 1816 and in 1818. Byron, moreover, was not married "the day after New Year's Day 1814," but 1815. With blunders like these the volume absolutely teems, so that, as we need scarcely say, the work as a book of reference is worse than useless. But to pass from Professor Saintsbury's chronology. On p. 225 we have the amazing information that in 1846 Macaulay was made Postmaster-General. We may add that Professor Saintsbury's knowledge of history appears to be on a par with his knowledge of biography. On p. 206 we learn that Sir Francis Head was "Governor of the Upper Province at the time of the Rebellion of 1835." There was no "Rebellion" in 1835. The Rebellion did not break out till 1837. On p. 169 Cobbett, it is stated, made in 1817 a second voyage to America, "which was, in fact, a flight both from his creditors and from the risk of another Government prosecution under the Six Acts." The Six Acts were not passed till November 1819, nearly two years after Cobbett's flight. On p. 26 Dr. Richard Price is described "as chiefly belonging to literature as an antagonist of Burke." It would be interesting to know when he assumed antagonism to Burke. He never opposed Burke in his life; or said, so far as is recorded, or wrote one word against him. This is, we apprehend, a slovenly reference to Burke's remarks on Price's sermon. On p. 84 we are informed that Shelley's "Queen Mab" was modelled on Southey's "Kehama." If Mr. Saintsbury had turned to the work which he so fluently criticizes, he would have seen that it is in rhyme, and has nothing in common with Shelley's poem. The poem on which "Queen Mab," or, to speak more correctly, the metrical scheme of a portion of it, was modelled was "Thalaba." Mr. Saintsbury is fond of affecting familiarity with the lives and works of the minor writers of the period which

he passes in review, but betrays the superficiality of his knowledge by blunders and misrepresentations which would have been impossible to a writer who really possessed what he affects. Thus he speaks of the "Harrow and Oxford training" of Robert Merry. Merry had no connexion whatever with Oxford. He belonged to Christ's College, Cambridge. Helen Maria Williams (p. 30), who is dismissed as the author of poems "which have little merit, but are not uninteresting for their signs of the times," was the writer of one of the most beautiful sonnets to be found in modern poetry, a sonnet so treasured by Wordsworth that he had it by heart. Wolfe is described as "the author of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' which everybody knows, and of absolutely nothing else that is worth a single person's knowing." Wolfe's two lyrics, "If I had thought Thou couldst have died" and "Go, forget Me," are among the gems of modern lyric poetry. No such poetess ever lived as Menella Bute Stedley, mentioned twice and criticized on p. 316; her name was Smedley, as the compiler of the Professor's Index has correctly given it. It is not often that Mr. Saintsbury ventures on a generalization, the one test of real knowledge. But on p. 438 he does so, observing that "all new things in literature are returns." It would be difficult to condense more error and nonsense into a single sentence. In what way was the "Divine Comedy" a return, or Calderon's "La Vida es Sueño," or Goethe's "Faust," or Shelley's "Alastor," or Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," or Tennyson's "In Memoriam," or Browning's "The Ring and the Book"? On p. 227 we are told that Macaulay's style was formed partly on that of Gibbon, and partly on that of Hazlitt. It has absolutely no resemblance to the style of either of these writers. If Mr. Saintsbury wishes to know on what writer Macaulay did model his style, we will inform him. He owed much to Bolingbroke, more to Junius, but most to Johnson's later style. We have neither space nor patience to extend our list of the blunders and misrepresentations which a very cursory examination of this volume has enabled us to detect, and one other must suffice. On p. 441 we find the following:—"Of the highest poetry as of other highest things, Goethe's famous axiom, 'Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,' holds good." A very famous axiom indeed! There are probably not half a dozen forward schoolgirls in England who could not inform Mr. Saintsbury that this is simply the opening line of Goethe's lyric fragment inscribed on the hermitage near Ilmenau, describing a calm autumn day in the Thuringian forest, and has about as much connexion with an axiom or anything approaching to an axiom as Tennyson's "Calm on the seas and silver sleep." It is no disgrace to Professor Saintsbury not to be acquainted with German; but if he wishes to preserve or acquire a reputation as a scholar, he would do well to be honest and not to affect familiarity with things of which he is plainly ignorant.

Bacon has observed that the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express. It may be said with equal truth of a bad book that what is worst in it is precisely that which it is most difficult to submit to tangible tests. In other words, it lies not so much in its errors and inaccuracies, which, after all, may be mere trifles and excrescences, and do not affect the noble parts; but it lies in its tone and colour, its flavour, its accent. To us, we frankly own, Mr. Saintsbury is the most exasperating writer whom we ever remember to have met with. It would almost seem as if it were his ambition to qualify for the distinction of being the Helot of popular literature. He appears to be utterly incapable of distinguishing vulgarity and coarseness from vigour and liveliness. Thus on p. 37 Horace Walpole is described as "a baboon in breeches." Mary Wollstonecraft "had neither bad brains nor bad blood." "Harriet threw herself at his head"—and the like. Of the sort of criticism in which the work abounds we get such specimens as this (p. 81):—"I have read Byron again and again; I have sometimes by reading Byron only, and putting a strong constraint upon myself, got nearly into the mood to enjoy him. But let eye or ear catch sight or sound of real poetry, and the enchantment vanishes." Poor Byron! but poorer Professor! Again:—"Some fifteen years ago I called Kirke White a miserable poetaster. . . . I determined that I would read Kirke White again,



and the above judgment is the mildest I can possibly pronounce after the reading" (p. 108). We know nothing more amusing than this cool assumption of critical authority on the part of a writer whose sole title to such authority rests on the production of one or two manuals, of which the present is a sample. Professor Saintsbury does not often indulge in eloquence, but this gem merits preservation. Speaking of Keats, he observes (p. 87):—"He spoke of his name as 'writ in water.' Posterity has agreed with him that it is—but in the Water of Life." (!)

Of Professor Saintsbury's style, or what, to borrow an expression from Swift, the poverty of our language compels us to call his style, the following samples may serve as specimens:—"There is little doubt that the lusciousness of the rhythm, combined as it was with a certain lusciousness both of subject and [again in unlucky imitation of Hunt] of handling, had a bad effect on some readers, as also that the attacks on it were to a certain extent, though not a very large one, prompted by genuine disgust at the mawkishness, as its author called it, of the tone" (p. 89). "Anna Edgeworth, the youngest sister of the whole blood to the novelist" (p. 114). "The taste and skill of Lockhart's book are not less admirable than the skill of its arrangement and the competency of its writing" (p. 193). "I have left out many writers of the end of last century whom, if I had been writing sixty years since, I should doubtless have put in, many of the first half of it whom I should have admitted if I had been writing thirty years since, so in another generation others will no doubt exercise a similar thinning on my own passed or pressed men" (p. 468). This being the Professor's ideal of composition, it is not surprising to find him (p. 219) pronouncing that "Milman had an excellent style," and to find Macaulay observing of Milman's style—which is, in truth, one of the worst in our language—"I was more impressed than ever by the contrast between the substance and the style. The substance is excellent. The style very much otherwise" (Trevelyan's "Life," vol. ii. p. 403). Whether Professor Saintsbury's duties extend to instructing the ingenuous youth of Scotland in the principles of good taste, criticism, and composition, and to training them in habits of accuracy and thoroughness, we do not know; if they do, the ingenuous youth of Scotland will probably find it necessary to supplement that instruction.

#### OPERA IN CHEAP ENGLISH.

FOR several weeks Opera in cheap English at popular prices has raged at Drury Lane without drawing a word of protest from me. It is only now as I realize how rapidly my most warmly cherished illusions are being rudely dispelled that I venture to give vent to a stifled groan of disgust. Has it not been for years an article of faith with every true critic that the scenery in an English season must be shabby, if only to prove, in the absence of articulate singers, that the season *was* an English one? Have we not believed that the chorus must be aged, incompetent, and terrible to gaze upon? Could the principals be other than the best that the provinces could spare us? Had not the operas to be the cold cabbage of the last Italian season? All this we have loyally believed, and we worshipped the bad scenery and chorus, the stale operas and the provincial gallery-stormers; and suddenly the iconoclast, Sir Augustus Harris, has smashed our every idol and destroyed our creed without giving us one warning word. When his season opened with "Faust" on the fourth of this month, the scenery was not better than I have seen, and might even be called worse than some I have seen. But in "Cavalleria" and in "Pagliacci" we were given the scenery from Covent Garden; two of the scenes in "Tannhäuser" surpassed those used at Covent Garden; while "Carmen" and "Hansel and Gretel" were at least as well mounted as they have been previously. The principals are much the same as Mr. Hedmondt gave us in his cheap season at Covent Garden last year; but some of them are vastly improved, and there are a few comparative new-comers who may prove valuable as artists some day. As for the operas, it is true that some nights have been needlessly

occupied with "The Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana"; but on the other hand, we have had "Carmen," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" adequately mounted and sung; and we are promised something specially good when "The Valkyrie" is produced. But the most stupendous feature of this season is the chorus. A bad chorus is precisely the last thing that an operatic manager will relinquish, if he has been "through the mill" and is really first-rate. He adheres to it like Mr. Terriss to his Victoria Cross in "One of the Best," and the proceeding seems as reasonable in the one case as in the other. Year after year he sends on those soiled and decrepid remnants of humanity who seem to have solved the problem of retaining life, but not youth, for ever. They seem to have discovered and to drink of a sort of limited Elixir of Life. They are like the imperishable monument you find in every plate of oxtail soup. It is supposed to be a joint from the hapless ox's tail; but in reality it is a mystery put there by a beneficent Providence at the beginning of time, and it will remain there until time ends, daily, hourly, lapsing into more advanced decay, but refusing to perish absolutely. They cannot sing; they cannot or dare not try to act, for their rheumatic joints do not permit a single gesture; and if ever they had voices they must have lost them about the time of the battle of Waterloo. Well, Sir Augustus has done something towards ending all that. His chorus is largely composed of young folk with voice, vocal skill, and decent appearance; and it is possible to enjoy the change to-day, even while one thinks that to-morrow they will be like those they have displaced. For the present at least they can act; they move about the stage with agility and sometimes with grace; hard experience has not soured them beyond the capability of laughter. And their advent shows the advisability of some impresario more astute than his brethren at once founding and subscribing largely to a Chorus Singers' Union or Friendly Society, which will allow fair pensions to all bona-fide chorus singers as soon as they get past their work. The opera-going public would soon learn the wisdom of subscribing; for not until some such scheme is put into operation will it be possible for impresarios to stand out against the piteous prayers of their old, very old, servants. Only, I hope we shall not lose the well-loved veterans from the Italian season; for that last straw would break the critical camel's back. I implore Sir Augustus not to take away our sole surviving joy. Let him give us good operas, good principals, good scenery and a good band, if he can, but spare us our bad chorus—the ugly, wrinkled, crack-voiced, spindle-legged, rheumatic Italian heroes and heroines whom our fathers, and our grandfathers, and our great-grandfathers before them, knew and admired and adored.

I have little criticism to offer of single performances. They are as much in advance of the performances of previous years as the above general remarks imply. Mr. Hedmondt has both sung and acted much more to my liking than in his own season; Mr. Bispham has, if possible, a little improved his reputation by a thrillingly dramatic rendering of the part of Telramund; Miss Joran has decidedly improved hers by a fair impersonation of Carmen which only suffered by comparison with Calvé's, from which she should keep away; Mr. Brozel has again shown how much he has to learn before he can do so well in any other opera as he does in "Pagliacci"; Madame Fanny Moody sang with rare artistic feeling as Marguerite, and her Elsa was very much the best ever heard in London; and Miss Jessie Huddleston and Miss Marie Elba were so admirable in "Hansel and Gretel" as almost to remind one of the production of that opera at Daly's, when Miss Elba, Miss Douste, and Miss Edith Miller made their reputations at one bound. My principal purpose in writing about the opera just now, however (though I had nearly forgotten it), was not so much to speak about singers and scenery and choruses as to protest against the exceedingly cheap translations in use at Drury Lane. The language of "Carmen" and of "Faust" and "Lohengrin" reminded me of a lawyer's letter. It is of course difficult to fit new words, conveying the same meaning, to the original notes; but surely when two phrases would suit equally well it is not imperative that the

ugliest and silliest should be selected in every case. I hope some one will look to this. At present the main, indeed the only, objection to English opera is that it is sung in English.

Some of my colleagues have been good enough to neglect their own proper business while they put me right about orchestral playing in general and that of Lamoureux in particular. These gentlemen tell me that when Beethoven (whom they knew personally) wrote certain notes he intended them and no others to be played; that the more accurate a rendering, the closer it approaches to the work as it existed in Beethoven's mind; that, ergo, Lamoureux's playing of Beethoven, being the most accurate yet heard in England, is the best, the truest, the most Beethovenish, yet heard in England. All which I flatly deny, and describe as the foolish ravings of uninformed theorists. Only impractical dreamers fancy that a composer thinks of "notes" when he composes. He hears music with his mental ear in the first place, and he afterwards sets down such notes as experience has taught him will reproduce approximately what he has heard when they are played upon the instrument for which his composition is intended, whether the instrument is piano, violin, the human voice, or orchestra. And just as he counts on the harmonics and sympathetic vibrations of the upper strings of the piano for the proper effect of a piano sonata, so for the effect of an orchestral work he relies on the full rich tone and the subdued murmur which are only produced by the members of the orchestra playing a little wrong. That they play wrong in a million different ways does not matter: provided they do not play too far wrong the result is always the same, just as the characteristic sound of an excited crowd is always the same whether there are a few more men or fewer women in one crowd than in another. This may be wrong theoretically; but all theorizing breaks down hopelessly before the fact that it was such an orchestra the masters wrote for. Perhaps some day the foot-rule, the metronome and the tuning-fork will take the place of the human ear and artistic judgment; but until that day arrives I prefer the wrongness of Mottl's orchestra to the strict correctness of the Lamoureux; and I leave the æsthetic illogical logic-choppers who demand from the orchestra the correctness they would not stand from a solo-player to find what delight they may in such playing as that of the "Meistersinger" overture or the "Waldweben" on Thursday, or of the Good Friday music on Saturday. It must be remembered, however, that the excessive correctness of which I have complained is only one of the means through which Lamoureux attains excessive lucidity. He sacrifices every other quality to lucidity; and those who prefer lucidity to every other quality—that is to say, all Frenchmen—will certainly prefer Lamoureux's playing to that of every other living conductor. In the "Meistersinger" overture he would not allow the band to romp freely for a single moment; in the "Waldweben" he succeeded in playing every crescendo, every diminuendo, with astonishing evenness of gradation, even when a trifling irregularity to relieve the mechanical stiffness of the thing would have been as water to a thirsty traveller in the desert; in the Good Friday music he stuck rigidly to the composer's directions and would not permit a breath of his own life to go into the music. Nor did he do very differently in the pieces by French composers. Of these, one, "Wallenstein's Camp," a movement of a symphony by a Mr. Vincent d'Indy, is a fair piece of music, full of bustling energy, here and there prettily tinted, and far from being, like so much French music, annoyingly pretentious. But pretentious is not a big enough word to describe a symphony by Saint-Saëns, scored for the usual orchestra, plus organ and piano. Its pretentiousness is monstrous, monumental, and so is its dullness. It is neither original nor courageously stolen. The first bars have of course been suggested by the "Tristan" prelude, but as Mr. Saint-Saëns evidently lacks the pluck to flourish the fruit of his burglary boldly in our faces as Handel would have done, he has erased the owner's name and address by altering those chromatic notes, which does not prevent one recognizing the origin of the thing, but does take away from it the value that made it worth stealing. The remainder consists of effects borrowed from

various composers, and strung together in no intelligible scheme; so that though the cleverness is marvellous, one yawns while admitting it, and wishes to goodness the thing would end. The other new pieces by French and Russian composers are neither good nor bad enough to be worth mentioning. Both in them and in Berlioz's "Chasse et Orage" (from "Les Troyens") and a movement from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, Mr. Lamoureux manifested the same qualities as when he played Beethoven and Wagner. His playing wants colour, suggestiveness, and human warmth; and, lacking these, its chill clearness, its cleanness and sharp-cut edges, merely make one think of an iceberg glittering in a wan Arctic sunlight.

J. F. R.

#### PUNCH AND JUDY AGAIN.

"The Rogue's Comedy." A play in three acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. Garrick Theatre. 21 April, 1896.

A SAFE rule for the dramatist is, "When in doubt, revive Punch and Judy." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is not in doubt; but he is in dudgeon—not peevish personal dudgeon, but artistic, philosophic dudgeon, inevitable after the unnatural death of "Michael and His Lost Angel." Accordingly, he has fallen back on Punch and Judy, the eternal rogue's comedy, tempting the business dramatist by its assured popularity, and fascinating the artist dramatist by its unlimited depth, which yet involves no obligation to fully fathom it or else fail. Success is safe at any depth, from an inch downwards. At the street corner, with a deplorable Judy, an infant thrown out of the window, a dog Toby, and a few assorted types of law and order culminating in a hangman and a devil, the great issues of the comedy can be ribaldly touched to the music of pipes and drum. At the other end of the range, Mozart's "Don Giovanni," the world's masterpiece in stage art, is only Punch on a higher plane. Every brace of vagabonds can master and perform the one; the greatest artists in the world can, at their best, only bungle through the other. Between the two lies all philosophic comedy, high and low, with its Faustuses, its Robert Macaires, its Affable Hawks, its Jeremy Diddlers, its common Joeys with red-hot poker and sausages, its Pierrots, and, since last Tuesday night, its Mr. Bailey Prothero. The first question about him, then, is as to which of his ancestors in the great family of Punch's reincarnations he most resembles. Not that rare bird the Mozartian Don assuredly. It is true that Bailey drinks four glasses of champagne, and "bucks up," as he expresses it, after them; but he cannot sing a pæan to the joy of life like "Finch' han dal vino," nor need our actors so miserably fail in catching his ecstasy as to drive any one to find a new mode of utterance for its wicked rapture through the mechanism of the most brilliant of instruments, as Liszt was driven in the Don's case. Bailey does not cut a figure in the high comedy region: his place is in melodramatic farce. This suggests Robert Macaire; and there is certainly a family resemblance; but as Robert was an entire and perfect scoundrel, and we cannot nowadays bear to damn any one, Bailey has been made a good husband and father. As a rascal redeemed by sentiment, he is more like that amiable young relative of the family, the Chevalier des Grieux, only older, coarser, and without Manon Lescaut. Instead of Manon, he has a lawful wife, so far like Mrs. Jerry Cruncher in "A Tale of Two Cities," that her habit of "flopping"—that is, kneeling down in prayer—jars on her husband. I do not think much of Mrs. Prothero. Her humanity is sacrificed to write up the actor-manager's part—a sacrifice of the eternal to the temporal. In the first act we see her enjoying an income of £80 a year and dressing like Mrs. Langtry on it, her dramatic function being to act as her husband's confederate in his fortune-telling business. Not until the second act does she develop a tender conscience; and even then she makes no difficulty about shutting it up tight at her husband's urgent request, herein departing from the example of Mrs. Cruncher, who braved boots and pokers rather than refrain from praying steadfastly against the success of Mr. Cruncher's illicit pursuits as a resurrection-man.



When, in the third act, Judy Prothero allows Bailey to assure their son that of his mother, at least, he need never be ashamed, it is impossible not to revolt at the recollection of her active complicity in the duperies of the first act. It is all very well for Mr. Jones to set her to catch sympathy for Mr. Willard; but the plain truth is that she is just as bad as Bailey—worse, in fact, because she sets up religious pretensions to be morally superior to him whilst living on the profits of his swindling.

The characterization of the figures which surround Bailey Prothero does not go very deep. Of course Mr. Jones, with his fertile imagination and humorous observation, could no more miss individualizing a figure here and there than Dickens could. The most entertaining result of his powers in this way is Mr. Robert Cushing, who plays Bertrand to Prothero's Macaire so faithfully that when his unfortunate habit of purloining the spoons comes into play, the scene needs nothing but a creaking snuff-box in Mr. Willard's hands to take us back to the Auberge des Adrets at once. But the characterization is capital underneath the farce, and very funny. The wretch is so feeble that even his efforts to swear do not get beyond a fat, flat, twaddled-toned "Oh my goodness gracious!" The abject folly of his perfectly sound plea of "total loss of self-respect," and the helpless way in which he succumbs to every opportunity of doing wrong, even with the certainty of ignominious detection staring him in the face, not only make highly ticklesome buffoonery, but hit off in a few strokes the leading lines of a hopelessly rickety and rotten moral constitution. Cushing is the best character in the play; and though he is only on the stage for a few minutes, I am not sure that Mr. Standing, who plays him to a miracle, is not luckier than Mr. Willard himself in his part. Another personage who is purely comic in his dramatic function, but yet individualized as a character type, is the silly-billy Lord Dovergreen, a little burlesqued by Mr. Sydney Brough, but not spoiled. Lord Bicester is also a vivid thumbnail sketch; and there is life in Miss Proye and Lambert the footman. These people not only say funny things, but say them with a genuine character modification—not a mere trick of phrase or manner. For all that, the play is not one of Mr. Jones's best. That part of the dialogue which is mere social chatter is not nearly so witty as the small talk in "The Masqueraders"; and as to the high comedy of "Rebellious Susan," it is quite out of sight. Some of the characters are downright bad: for instance, Lord John Bucklow is the hackneyed old stage roué—the "man of pleasure become a man of pain," as Charles Reade put it—with the hackneyed manner and make-up. Mr. David James, with his simperings, and his dammes, and his whistlings of the intervals of the common chord (as if that were a possible nervous trick), certainly acts him as badly as possible; but the part invites his abuse of it. Lady Clarabut, again, is nothing but a night's work for Lady Monckton; and the two lovers decorously carry on the story without stepping forward into any sort of individuality. In short, the leading characters are not characters at all, but only supports for Bailey Prothero. In a play by Mr. Grundy, or any other votary of the "well made" or mechanical rabbit play, I should not complain of this, since everybody knows that if a mechanical rabbit is to move, it must have wheels for entrails; but one expects living members from Mr. Jones. At all events, one pays him the compliment of noticing the appearance of automata among his characters as a thing not altogether to be expected. As to the character for which this sacrifice has been made, I confess I should like, before judging it finally, to see it played by a genuine comedian—say Mr. Wyndham or Mr. Hare. Mr. Willard is a good actor, but not of that kind. He begins with comic "character acting" laid on in hearty and by no means delicate strokes; and when the vein changes, he plunges, without the slightest gradation, head over heels into melodrama. His grip throughout is far too strenuous to admit of dainty handling: he grinds out his words at a clerically low pitch with a voice that has changes but no inflexions, wedging his face into a mask that can be instantly rearranged for mirth or melancholy, but which has no shades, and can therefore tell of moods and shocks, but not of

processes or fluctuations. The part presents certain well-marked main aspects—the rogue at work, the rogue triumphant, the rogue alarmed, the rogue reckless, the father wounded, the father tender, and the husband good-natured. These being patent and unmistakable, Mr. Willard seized on them vigorously enough; but as each one recurred he treated it exactly as he had treated it before, with a single facial expression and a single tone; so that his performance resolved itself into a repetition of some half-dozen effects, and would have become monotonous but for the activity with which the author kept the story going. In fact, it did become monotonous, especially in the matter of voice, wherever the author's pace slackened. Nevertheless it kept the audience in good humour by its geniality and sustained vigour; and in the final scene it had pathetic strength—the final exit, with the shake-hands with the son and the "Buck up, old girl" to the wife, was admirable; but of the subtle, continuous, exquisitely nuanced acting, apparently infinite in variety, which becomes classical in high comedy—such work as we have seen in Duse's *Mirandolina*, Coquelin's *Duval*, Hare's *Baron Croodle*, Charles Mathews's *Mercedet*, and Jefferson's farcical heroes—there was not a trace. It is true that the play itself, as I began by saying, is melodramatic farce rather than high comedy; but all the classical examples I have cited are examples of high comedians playing in farces. I should add that the character of Bailey Prothero is completely redeemed from the falseness and crudity of melodrama by many admirable touches, notably the absence of conventional exaggeration in the fatherly emotion, which is presented for exactly what it is worth by the author with an acute nicety that is also stealthily humorous. Fortunately, this is one of the points to which Mr. Willard's performance does justice.

Miss Olliffe, who played Mrs. Prothero, was new to the critics, though I had had the luck to discover her at the Avenue during the illness of Miss Alma Stanley some time ago. She deepened the favourable impression I received on that occasion, and will, I have no doubt, soon be a familiar and indispensable figure in our London casts. The end of that will be, I suppose, that she will give up acting, and have all her parts written expressly for her. Indeed, of the play as a whole I cannot say that it altogether escaped that rawness and uneasiness of presentation from which Mr. Jones's recent plays have suffered so frightfully, the truth being that the moment our actors are taken out of the routine parts which are merely the latest dramatizations, or rather stagings, of their own personal peculiarities—the moment, in short, they are called upon to impersonate new characters instead of being presented with old characters that impersonate them—they lose their style, and even their ease and assurance; so that Mr. Jones's originality is positively made a means of worrying the audience into a longing to get back to that familiar little world in which Mr. Sydney Brough makes love to Miss Maud Millett under the parental eyes of Miss Rose Leclercq and Mr. Cyril Maude, whilst some nice leading lady and gentleman give object lessons in fashionable dressing and polite courtship and marriage to the graduates of suburban society. This is the real explanation, I believe, of the fact that for some time past every play with any sort of originality in it has provoked three or four weak-souled first-nighters in the gallery to utter piteous howls on the appearance of the author at the fall of the curtain. Mr. Jones, having, not unnaturally, no sort of taste for deliberate and premeditated incivility, declined to make the customary appearance on Tuesday night. It took twenty-five minutes to convince the audience that he was in earnest. They cheered and called and applauded until they were physically exhausted; then stopped to recover, and returned to the charge again and again; then, as their numbers dwindled, intoned a long, melancholy note like the organ giving the diapason to the orchestra before an oratorio performance; then hooted dismally; and finally sang "We won't go home till morning," the strains of which, like Haydn's Farewell Symphony, died away as the performers stole away one by one and left the theatre empty. And then I went home too.

I am greatly obliged to whoever sent me a belated ticket for an afternoon performance at the Court Theatre.

on Wednesday; but I may perhaps be allowed to observe that the SATURDAY REVIEW does not keep a staff of critics, like boy messengers, waiting on the premises to be despatched to performances at a moment's notice. I did manage to arrive in time for the last act of something; but as the playbills were all gone before I arrived, I know not what, or by whom, it was. Suffice it that the effort to make any sense of it almost unhinged my reason. I think it must have been a burlesque of "The Corsican Brothers"; but I am not sure. At all events there was Mr. Yorke Stephens, and Mr. Yorke Stephens's ghost. Also a Mahatma. Perhaps I was mad, and only imagined it. Perhaps Mr. Yorke Stephens was mad. Possibly the author was mad. I really do not understand the affair. G. B. S.

### MONEY MATTERS.

MONEY was plentiful throughout the week; but, owing mainly to the approach of the Stock Exchange Settlement, the rate advanced on Wednesday and Thursday to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for day-to-day loans and for short periods. There was rather more business done in the Discount Market, and rates tended to advance. The discount rates stood on Thursday at  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. for three months' bills,  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for four months', and  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for six months'. The Bank rate remains at 2 per cent. On the Stock Exchange business was very slack. The prices of good investments were rather high. Home Corporations and Colonial stocks were steady. Consols, which were rushed up by frightened "bears" to 114, came down to 112 $\frac{1}{2}$  on Thursday, after many fluctuations. This is not surprising, if one considers that they went up 4 per cent. within a fortnight.

Home railways, owing to the decline in Consols in the latter part of the week and the approach of the Settlement, were quiet, the general tendency being towards realization of profits. There was nothing of note to record in the traffic receipts. The prices of the "heavy" stocks were, as a rule, lower. Scotch stocks, however, were steady, with an upward tendency. American railways were disturbed by the sudden revival of the Venezuela question, but prices partly recovered later in the week. Whatever the real meaning of the reopening of the question may be, it is well that the public should be reminded, when efforts are being made to unload American bonds and shares here, that the above question is still unsettled and that the currency problem is also not yet solved. Canadian Pacific shares, which were strong on Tuesday at 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ , subsequently declined in sympathy with the American market, and closed on Thursday at 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The French Ministerial crisis, with the consequent weakness of the Paris Bourse, reacted unfavourably on the Foreign Market, and prices, which on Tuesday were inclined to advance, showed an almost universal drop in the latter part of the week. The news of the rupture of peace negotiations with Abyssinia had an unfavourable effect on Italian stocks, in spite of favourable Revenue returns and the success of the new internal loan. Spanish stock rose on the report of an improvement in the Cuban situation, but subsequently lost part of the advance; "Egyptians" were dearer; whilst "Turks" were weaker. The new China loan was easier at 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  premium.

We have as yet no official confirmation of the proposed arbitration for the settlement of the boundary dispute between Chili and Argentina, although negotiations for the purpose appear to have been set on foot as early as the beginning of March. The prices of South American Government stocks showed hardly any change since last Saturday. The gold premium in Buenos Ayres declined to 217 $\frac{1}{2}$ , the Brazilian exchange improved to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. The South African Market was dull and weak. French operators must have been selling and delivering a good many shares here lately. The market remains more or less "professional," and the transactions of this week were chiefly connected with the Settlement beginning on Saturday. Prices on Thursday were fractionally lower than on last Saturday, "Chartered" fluctuating between 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  and 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ . The Rio Tinto report reads favour-

ably, and the shares were firmer at about 19. Silver remained at about 31d. per ounce, whilst Rupee-paper, after an advance to 64 $\frac{1}{2}$  and a fall to 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ , closed on Thursday at 63 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

### NEW ISSUES, &c.

MR. H. J. LAWSON'S PROMOTIONS.

#### A CATALOGUE OF FAILURES.

Mr. H. J. Lawson has not acceded to our request that he would favour us with at least the names of the seven partially successful companies which, in his letter published in our issue of April 11, he vaguely asserted that he had promoted. We can only come to the conclusion, therefore, that seven companies promoted by Mr. H. J. Lawson which have not turned out to be practical failures, do not exist. So far as we can discover, not one such company, much less seven, exists; consequently, this particular allegation of Mr. H. J. Lawson was a pleasing fiction, on a par with the greater part of his letter, which, it would seem, was only written to mystify and deceive us. It may be remembered that Mr. H. J. Lawson made the assertion that he had only promoted seven companies within the last ten years. We do not wish to be unduly hard upon Mr. H. J. Lawson, so we will only take him back a period of eight years—to the year 1888, in fact—and we think we shall be able to add not a few concerns to the modest total ingenuously fixed by him. The following is the list of Mr. H. J. Lawson's promotions with which we promised to furnish our readers:

BRITISH CATTLE FOODS COMPANY, LIMITED.—Registered December 1888. Capital, £100,000. This Company came before the public as a revolutionary project destined to promote the general well-being of British cattle, and do away with all other cattle foods. The Company never paid a dividend, and went into liquidation in 1892.

INSURANCES TRUST AND AGENCY, LIMITED.—Registered December 1889. Capital £505,000, of which £5,000 was in "Founders" shares. For 1890-1 a dividend of 6 per cent. was declared, and for 1891-2 5 per cent., but these dividends were only declared upon a fifth part of the nominal capital. Since 1892 no dividend whatever has been declared, and the present condition of the Company is that it is saddled with a debit balance of £14,290 on "Contingent Loss Account," and a further debit balance of £3,232 on Profit and Loss Account. The Company is also in debt to the extent of £7,800 for "Loans Owning." The directors' "borrowing powers" are stated to be "unlimited"; Mr. H. J. Lawson is one of the directors. Possibly this Company is one of Mr. H. J. Lawson's "partial successes," seeing that it declared dividends for the first two years of its existence, and apparently exhausted itself in the effort.

LONDON AND SCOTTISH TRUSTEE AND INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.—Registered February 1890. Originally the capital was £20,000, but in December 1890 it was increased to £100,000, and in October 1891 still further increased to £351,000, the odd £1,000 representing "Founders" shares. Soon after this the name of the Company was changed to the "London and Scottish Company, Limited." At an extraordinary general meeting held on 4 May, 1894, a resolution was carried to the effect that the Company could not meet its liabilities, and that it was advisable to wind it up. Apparently it was not worth any one's while to wind it up, as the Company quietly disappeared, and left no address behind it. Perhaps Mr. H. J. Lawson knows the present address of this great conception with a third-of-a-million capital? He certainly ought to; for it is not the only Company of his that has been remarkable for a sudden and mysterious disappearance. A Mr. S. D. Stoneham was prominently connected with this concern, and a Mr. T. G. H. Glynn was its chairman. Both these gentlemen are at the present time flourishing directors of various companies; can they not throw some light on the whereabouts of this, one of Mr. H. J. Lawson's missing offspring?

ASSURANCES TRUST CORPORATION, LIMITED.—Registered March 1890. Originally the capital was £105,000, but it was afterwards increased to £1,000,000, £5,000 of which represented "Founders" shares. For



1890-1 a dividend of 7 per cent. was declared, and for 1891-2 6 per cent. These dividends were declared upon one-fourth of the nominal capital. Since 1892 no dividend whatever has been declared. In the autumn of 1893 the directors resigned, and there was a committee of investigation appointed. In September 1895 the Company had a debit balance on Profit and Loss Account of £154,076. The latest information in regard to the Company is that the directors (of whom Mr. H. J. Lawson is one) have proposed a "reconstruction" of this promising undertaking, with a reduced capital of £100,000.

**BREWERY ASSETS CORPORATION, LIMITED.**—Registered March 1890. Share capital, £705,000, £5,000 of which was in "Founders" shares. Debiture capital, £350,000. In the first instance efforts were made to raise money for this Company by private circularizing and touting; but, these attempts being unsuccessful, a prospectus was issued to the public. The public, however, made a very indifferent response to the invitation. We cannot trace any report of this Company's working, and, although it does not appear to have gone into liquidation, it is at present non-existent. Possibly this is another case of "Gone away; address not known."

**LICENCES INSURANCE CORPORATION AND GUARANTEE FUND, LIMITED.**—Registered November 1890. Capital, £250,000, £5,000 of which was allotted to "Founders" shares. In December 1890 the capital was increased to £500,000, and in June 1891 again increased to £1,000,000, at which it at present stands, although it was proposed to further increase it to £5,000,000. It is difficult to understand why these constant increases of capital were decided upon, seeing that the Company has only £137,500 of capital subscribed. The Company has never yet paid a dividend, and appears to be in a moribund condition.

**INSURANCES SYNDICATE, LIMITED.**—Registered December 1890. Capital, £2,000. This Syndicate was formed with the intention of turning it into a bigger concern, with a larger capital later on; but nothing came of it, for some reason or other, and the Syndicate died a natural death. The Mr. S. D. Stoneham previously referred to was manipulating this Syndicate with Mr. H. J. Lawson.

**DISTRICT PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.** Registered February 1891. Capital, £10,000. Formed to relieve Mr. H. J. Lawson of a publication called the "Licensing News and Public-house Trades Prices Currents." This was one of Mr. H. J. Lawson's "disappearing" companies. It came to grief in 1894, and, upon the Registrar of Joint-stock Companies writing to the registered office for particulars, his applications came back to him marked "Returned; not known." It should be noted that the registered office in this case, as in the others, was Mr. H. J. Lawson's own office.

**MORTGAGE LOAN AND DISCOUNT COMPANY, LIMITED.**—Registered July 1891. Capital, £100,000. This Company was a reconstruction of Likeman & Company, Limited, which was registered in February 1891 with a capital of £5,000. We cannot find that this Company did very much beyond entering into agreements with other companies promoted by Mr. H. J. Lawson. It never paid a dividend. In 1893 it failed, and forthwith all trace of its existence vanished. The Somerset House officials wrote to the Secretary for information concerning it, and had their communications sent back to them bearing the familiar legend "Returned; not known."

**DISCOUNT BANKING COMPANY OF ENGLAND AND WALES, LIMITED.**—Registered September 1891. Capital, £250,000, in £10 shares, of which £5,000 were "Founders." This Company, like most of the others, never paid a dividend, and proved a complete failure. In June 1895 it was "reconstructed," the name being changed to the Discount Bank, Limited, and the capital reduced to £150,000 in £5 shares. Shareholders received for each of their £10 shares in the old concern one £5 share in the new one, thus losing a clear £5 per share on the transaction—not exactly an exemplification of the old adage that exchange is no robbery. The "new" accounts are to be submitted next August. We shall look forward to their appearance. Mr. H. J.

Lawson was a director of the old company, but he does not figure on the board of the reorganized concern.

**STOCKBROKERS' BANKING CORPORATION, LIMITED.**—Registered December 1891. Capital, originally, £100,000, in £10 shares, 500 of which were "Founders," but in March 1891 the capital was increased to £250,000, when it was stated that it would ultimately be increased to £1,000,000. This was not to be, however, for in 1893 the Company went into liquidation without having given its unfortunate shareholders the cold comfort of a solitary dividend.

**MOORE & BURGESS, LIMITED.**—Registered December 1892. Capital £75,000. **MOORE & BURGESS (PROVINCIAL), LIMITED.**—Registered February 1893. Capital £30,000. On 30 June, 1894, when these companies had between them a debit balance amounting to nearly £24,000, it was decided to "reconstruct." The two Companies were amalgamated in September 1894, under the title of the first-named, with the reduced capital of £88,000. The original shareholders, of course, suffered a comparatively heavy loss in consequence of the reconstruction, and we fear that there are further heavy losses before them. So far from there being any prospect of a dividend, the first year of working under the "reconstruction" (which ended September 1895) resulted in a further debit balance of £5,647.

**BEESTON PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, LIMITED.**—Registered June 1893. Capital, £60,000 in £1 shares. This concern was an utter failure. It went into liquidation in March 1895, and a new Company of the same name was formed with a reduced capital of £30,000. Shareholders in the old Company were offered considerable inducements to join the new concern, but most of them preferred to lose their shares, which were sold by the liquidator at 4d. (fourpence) each. The Company is still in existence, but heavily in debt. There is no prospect of a dividend, and though the shares have now been put up to nearly £6, we think their value was better understood a few weeks ago when they stood at half-a-crown.

**VENICE, LIMITED.**—Registered December 1893. Capital, £150,000. This Company died in its infancy. The prospectus issued to the public teemed with extraordinary statements, utterly without foundation, as to the enormous profits earned by the "Venice" show on the Continent and elsewhere. The Company was pushed in a very sensational manner, but it never proceeded to allotment. Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co. were the solicitors to this scheme, and we find that they wrote to the Registrar of Public Companies so late as 30 April, 1895, stating that the Company did not go to allotment in consequence of the failure to procure a sufficient subscription for the purpose. This may or may not be the case. We do not remember Mr. H. J. Lawson ever objecting to go to allotment because the amount subscribed by the public was small. We are inclined to think, as was alleged at the time, that the statements contained in the prospectus were of a more than usually mendacious character.

**PARIS BEESTON TYRE COMPANY, LIMITED.**—Registered March 1895. Capital, £30,000. This concern was formed to take over certain foreign patent rights belonging to the liquidated Beeston Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, referred to above. The annual meeting was held a fortnight ago, but no accounts were submitted, neither was a dividend declared. Like the other concern, this Company is deeply in debt, and has no *bona fide* quotation for its shares.

**BRITISH MOTOR SYNDICATE, LIMITED.**—Registered November 1895. Capital, £150,000. The statutory general meeting was held last week, when an "interim" dividend (presumably to be paid out of capital) was declared. We shall have more to say about this Company when we obtain the list of its shareholders, which we have applied for.

**DAIMLER MOTOR COMPANY, LIMITED.**—Registered January 1896. Capital, £100,000. We criticized the prospectus of this concern on its appearance in February last. The Company has not yet had time to demonstrate its worthlessness, but we have no faith in its future. There is every reason to suppose that it will follow in the footsteps of Mr. H. J. Lawson's other failures.

**HUMBER & COMPANY, LIMITED.**—Registered June 1887. Capital, £75,000. We do not find that Mr. H. J. Lawson had anything whatever to do with the promotion of this Company, which, up to a certain period, paid steady dividends, and showed every sign of prosperity. Mr. H. J. Lawson was good enough in his letter to us to boast of the success achieved by this Company, as though that success was in some way due to him, which is by no means the case. Thanks to Mr. H. J. Lawson, Humber & Company, Limited, no longer exists, it having been transformed into Humber & Company (Extension), Limited (capital, £200,000), to which we have in previous issues referred. We consider, for reasons given further on, that the prosperity which attended the original company is now at end, and we think that the old shareholders will rue the day when Mr. H. J. Lawson introduced himself into their affairs. The following are the "subsidiary" Humber promotions to which we have many times referred:

**HUMBER & COMPANY (AMERICA), LIMITED.**—Registered December 1894. Capital, £75,000.

**HUMBER & COMPANY (RUSSIA), LIMITED.**—Registered August 1895. Capital, £75,000.

**HUMBER & COMPANY (PORTUGAL), LIMITED.**—Registered October 1895. Capital, £100,000.

It is these three companies, and the Humber Extension Company referred to above, which Mr. H. J. Lawson may fairly claim as his own, and we wish him all the satisfaction he can derive from a contemplation of their prospects. Needless to say they are all offshoots of the original and successful Humber Company, the virtue of which this company-promoter and his friends, Messrs. Rucker, Hooley, and Paget, have now almost exhausted. The capital of each of the new companies is loaded with an amount of promotion money which puts all chance of dividends out of the question. The capital of the original Humber Company was £75,000, and, as we have said, steadily increasing dividends were paid upon that amount. But the capital of the companies which, thanks to Mr. H. J. Lawson and his colleagues, now exist in the place of the old Humber Company amounts in the aggregate to no less than £450,000.

The above is a fairly complete list of companies promoted by Mr. H. J. Lawson during the last eight years, but, as it is quite possible that we have made some omissions, we shall be glad to amend our list if any others should be pointed out to us. We need scarcely say that the compilation of such a list as this involves the expenditure of a good deal of time and labour, and it is a task which we should not have undertaken had we not considered we were performing a public service in doing so. In going through the papers of the various companies referred to, it has been curious to note how often the names recur of different individuals whose valuable services Mr. H. J. Lawson has presumably retained. Some of these obliging gentlemen sign the memorandum of association, on one occasion are mentioned in the "contracts," on another humbly fill the post of "secretary," and yet again appear unblushingly as "director" of a fourth. This is a feature of Mr. H. J. Lawson's companies with which we may deal in a future issue.

As we go to press we learn that Mr. H. J. Lawson is about to attempt a further "Humber" exploitation, as well as an amalgamation of his "Beeston Tyre" Company failures. Our readers will know what to think of these projects should they happen to make their appearance.

#### THE HASTINGS HARBOUR LOAN.

The following is a specimen of the threatening letters which Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co. are, by proxy, causing to be sent to various of our readers who, on our advice, cancelled the applications they had made for Mortgage "Bonds" of the abortive Hastings Harbour Loan:—

66 QUEEN STREET, EDINBURGH, 21st April, 1896.

DEAR SIR,

*Hastings Harbour Loan.*

We are instructed by Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co., solicitors, London, to commence proceedings against you at once, in the Court of Session, to

recover the sum of £391 10s., being instalment due from you in respect of the allotment to you of four Bonds of the Hastings Harbour Loan. Our instructions are peremptory; but in order to give you another opportunity of paying the above sum, without our having recourse to judicial proceedings, we shall delay serving the summons till Friday next, 24th inst., and hope to receive a remittance in settlement before then.—We are, yours faithfully, TODS, MURRAY, & JAMIESON.

The marked disinclination of Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co. to resort to the extreme of legal measures is amusing. We have, of course, unhesitatingly advised our correspondents to defend any proceedings that may be adopted against them. In our opinion, there is no tribunal that would enforce against these unfortunate investors the contracts which they unwittingly entered into. The suggestion is absurd. The prospectus of the Loan was distinctly misleading, and it omitted mention of most material facts in connexion with the undertaking. For example, in the original prospectus there was no mention of the price to be paid for the construction of the proposed harbour, and in neither of the prospectuses issued was there anything to suggest that Messrs. Punchard, McTaggart, Lowther, & Co., who were described in the second prospectus as the "well-known firm" that had "contracted" for the completion of the "harbour," were a "well-known firm" of company-promoters, and the actual promoters of this monstrous "Harbour" scheme. Moreover, as one of our correspondents pointed out last week, the term "completion of the harbour" was distinctly misleading, because "harbour" works have never existed at Hastings. There are several other points which we have previously dealt with, each sufficient to cause the failure of any proceedings taken by the promoters against unwilling "Bond"-holders. Those of our readers who foolishly subscribed to this Loan may make their minds quite easy in the matter. They would be very silly indeed if they allowed Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co.'s threats of legal proceedings to delude them into throwing away any more of their money.

CROWN LEASE PROPRIETARY COMPANY, LIMITED.

We were unable to find room in our last issue for the following letter:—

CARLISLE, 10 April, 1896.

SIR,—You will pardon me for saying that you are much mistaken in supposing, as you do in your issue of 28 March, that the list of shareholders in Cottam & Lambert's "Crown Lease Proprietary Company" was exhausted when the action for misrepresentation was decided. Unfortunately, this is very far from being the case. There are shareholders left in that wretched Company who do not care to run the risk, or incur the expense, of bringing actions, and yet want their money back. But they can't get it. As a matter of justice, I ask your aid in making these facts known. I enclose my card.—Yours obediently, MISLED.

Our remarks in the issue referred to were, of course, based upon the assumption that an action brought against the Crown Lease Proprietary Company, on the ground of misrepresentation in the prospectus, having succeeded, every shareholder was entitled to the return of his or her money without further delay. If it is indeed the case that the shareholders have not had their money returned to them, then we should say that the services of some good criminal lawyer might very well be called into requisition.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE "TUDOR" PLUTARCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

270 STRAND, LONDON, W.C., 25 March, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—Whilst thanking you for your notice of the fifth and sixth volumes of North's "Plutarch," will you allow me to point out that Mr. Wyndham's Introduction in the first volume of the reprint treats very fully North's relation to Amyot, the relation of both to the original Greek, and Shakspeare's relation? Your reviewer deplores the absence of information on these points; but he must have overlooked Mr. Wyndham's Introduction.—Faithfully yours, D. NUTT.



# The Saturday Review

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## REVIEWS.

## A FAMOUS DUBLIN SCHOLAR.

"Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day."  
By Lady Ferguson. With Portraits. 2 vols.  
London: Blackwood. 1896.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON, Q.C., LL.D., would have been a notable personage anywhere. In Dublin he was supreme. It was fortunate for himself, for Ireland, and for literature that his lot was cast in his native country. Not that Dublin is in the least tolerant of mediocrity; on the contrary, you may be certain that a man who is famous and popular in Dublin society would have made his mark in the society of London or Edinburgh. There are few societies more critical, more sensitive to a "bore," yet more generously open-hearted to genuine merit, than the small and select circle which forms the intellectual standard of the Irish capital—and thence, to some extent, of the provinces. The Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, alone furnish a pretty searching criterion of ability, though, like all true Irishmen, they will tolerate much in a really "good fellow." But "suffer fools gladly" they will not. The very smallness of the Dublin circle keeps it bright, and constant friction with your equals and rivals whets the edge of intelligence and straps off the rust. You cannot bury yourself and fatten in fallow as you can in London. All of which goes to prove that a man must have stuff in him to hold his own in Dublin. And "Sam Ferguson," as he loved to be called by his intimates, did more than hold his own. Whether as a poet of Young Ireland, but never of the "Nation"; or as an indefatigable collector of ancient bardic literature and legend, which he translated and paraphrased in excellent verse that somehow preserved the Celtic ring; or as a high authority on Oghams and mediæval manuscripts; as President of the Royal Irish Academy—a transpontine amalgam of the Presidents of the Royal Society and the Antiquaries—or as Deputy-Keeper of the Records of Ireland, Sir Samuel Ferguson was on all hands admitted to be the right man in the right place, doing whatever he did better than anybody else could do it. That was Dublin opinion, and that is the opinion (not exclusively Irish) one gathers from the two volumes in which Lady Ferguson has reverently enshrined her husband's memory.

We do not say that the shrine is altogether a work of art. We can scarcely recall any biography written by a wife which is quite satisfying. Doubtless no one knew his every thought and work so well as the accomplished lady who shared his antiquarian rambles, aided his researches, and sympathized in all his poetic and patriotic enthusiasms. But such a biographer stands too near the subject to see it in due perspective. She forms the surest of all possible counsellors and critics to an outside biographer, but she is not as a rule the best qualified to write the life herself. We are certain that the last impression one ought to derive, the very last Lady Ferguson would wish us to derive, from these volumes is that her husband was rather a dull, plodding student. Yet this is what any reader who did not know the man or his great reputation will probably think. One reason is that Lady Ferguson has sternly repressed that sense of humour and gaiety of mind which are among the most precious possessions of the Irish character. She excludes them from her own writing, and we are bound to say, so far as concerns the correspondence here printed, Sir Samuel exerted a similar restraint in his communications to his friends. There is only one amusing story in the book, as far as we remember, and that is told by "Ian McLaren"; whilst in Ferguson's letters one finds excellent scholarly remarks, appreciative descriptions of scenery, earnest political views, but not a trace of wit, railleury, or Celtic lightness. Yet Professor Mahaffy, who is perhaps as little tolerant of a dull person as any man living, writes thus of Ferguson's home-life:—

"Keeping open house with perfect simplicity in the midst of a large company of relations and friends, who all loved him, he moved about among them, seasoning his words, especially to the young, with that delicate

humour which adds grace and point to kindly feelings. Even the parting letters which he dictated to his oldest friends when he felt his end near show flashes of this rare quality."

We can readily believe it, for Dublin does not "love" a man deficient in humour, or at least wit; but the "rare quality" does not appear, to our view, in the biography. Another very grave defect, to our mind, is the flooding of page after page, chapter after chapter, with bits of Ferguson's poetry. We do not mean in the least to disparage that poetry: it was true and sincere, the outcome of a burning love of his country, coupled with a scholarly enthusiasm for her ancient legendary literature. His most important work, an epic called "Congal," much less known over here than it deserves, called forth the highest praise from those who were peculiarly qualified to measure its merits. The opinions of Professor Dowden, Judge O'Hagan, and Mr. W. B. Yeats, are conclusive as evidence of the genuine Celtic feeling of the poem. Mr. Yeats, who places "Deirdré" first among Ferguson's poems, even above his splendid elegy on Thomas Davis, goes so far as to say that he was "the greatest poet Ireland has produced, because the most central and the most Celtic . . . one who was made by the purifying flame of national sentiment, the one man of his time who wrote heroic poetry." When one remembers Thomas Davis, Clarence Mangan, Florence McCarthy, Darcy McGee, this sounds like the language of exaggeration; but one sees, on reflection, that Mr. Yeats is right in the main. No one save Ferguson has treated the traditions of Ireland in the heroic style, and assuredly no one has so sensitively caught the very air and life of the Bardic literature. But the fact that the poetry of Ferguson at its best is epic—Judge O'Hagan and others call it "Homeric"—is a conclusive reason against presenting it in scraps to illustrate passages in his life or phases in his thoughts. They must be read as a whole—at one long breath—or not at all. We had rather by far that Lady Ferguson had compressed her biography into a single volume (it would have improved it) and devoted the second to a representative selection of his poems, for those who do not possess the "Lays of the Western Gael," "Congal," and the "Poems" of 1880.

Irish readers will delight in a feature in these volumes which is by no means equally attractive to the unsympathetic Saxon, and cannot be commended in point of biographical art—we mean the detailed notices of all Ferguson's friends and correspondents, great and small. The book is a perfect treasury of Irish biography, from the days, in 1832, when Ferguson began the study of Irish legend and history in company with the late Lord O'Hagan, and continued it with the brilliant staff of the "Ordnance Survey Memoir"—Petrie, O'Donovan, O'Curry, Mangan, O'Keefe, and, later on, Sir William Wilde; through his friendship with the De Veres, with Sir Emerson Tennent, John O'Hagan, Thomas Davis, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Darcy McGee, Dr. Stokes, Sir Frederic Burton, and a host of other well-known Irishmen—to the Shakspeare readings of 1869, when "Cymbeline" was recited by such a company of amateurs as it would be hard to gather nowadays. We cannot resist quoting the *dramatis personæ*:—

Cymbelline	Dr. Stokes
Cloten	Sir Robert Ball
Posthumus	Rev. R. P. Graves
Belarius	Sir S. Ferguson
Arviragus	Professor Dowden
Iachimo	T. Ferguson
Lucius	Dr. Salmon, Provost of T. C. D.
Senator	A. P. Graves
	(author of "Father O'Flynn")
Captain	John Clarke
Pisanio	Dr. Ingram
Cornelius	Professor Mahaffy
Queen	Miss Stokes
Imogen	Miss Darley
Lady	Mrs. Mahaffy

Of almost everybody mentioned in these volumes Lady Ferguson has her little biography quite pat; and, in spite of the rambling result, she thereby justifies her title "Sir Samuel Ferguson in the Ireland of his Day." But we must confess that these biographical notices are occasionally a little superfluous even to

benighted Saxons, and still less necessary or commendable is the inclusion of all sorts of perfectly trifling letters, invitations to dinners, notes of introduction, congratulations on knighthood, and a shoal of similar banalities. Their omission would have given more air and light to the main figure, as pruning invigorates a tree. Moreover, the classified manner of treating the subject, under heads of Poetry, Art, the Irish Academy, the Record Office, Friendships, and so on, breeds infinite chronological perplexity and much repetition.

We have said little of Ferguson's archæological work (although this with his poetry constitutes his main claim to enduring fame), because no subject lends itself more crabbedly to biographical treatment. What does the great British public know of Oghams? How can one excite their sympathy in Ferguson's unbounded zeal in searching out these cryptic writings, his patient labour in taking "squeezes," his unfulfilled hopes of a "*Corpus Inscriptionum Oghamicarum*"—which he left to be carried out, if possible, by his friend and fellow-enthusiast, the learned and venerable Bishop of Limerick? These things cannot be explained to the public: they must be "taken as read," and so must the researches into rath caves, round towers, and Irish antiquities generally. Yet in this subject Ferguson stood in the front rank, without question or debate. His services to Irish archæology are infinite. His work as President of the Royal Irish Academy and Keeper of the Records was invaluable, stimulating, conservative in the highest sense. He has left a name behind him which no respecter of the past can ever decry, a name to be held in reverence by all who can appreciate the precious vanishing relics of a national literature, art, and civilization which he did so much to rescue and restore to its just place of honour.

#### VAN DYCK.

"Sir Anthony Van Dyck: his Life and Work." By Jules Guiffrey. Translated from the French by William Alison. London: H. Henry & Co. 1896.

ALTHOUGH, from the publishers' silence on the point, one might suppose M. Guiffrey's work to be quite new, this English translation appears some fourteen years after its original, which was published in 1882. Rather a long interval, one would think; but M. Guiffrey could wait. If almost any other great painter had been in question, it would not have been safe: in fourteen years the "latest authority" has too often become a voice from the past. But, as it happens, Van Dyck has been left to himself. Perhaps, to be just to M. Guiffrey, this is chiefly because the present volume has done all that is worth doing in the way of determining disputed facts in the painter's life and gathering together the results of former research. Still, on questions of the authenticity of pictures our author is not so thorough; nor is he a first-rate critic of painting. The final critical work on Van Dyck has yet to be written.

Before approaching M. Guiffrey let us say a word about the present edition of his book. It is handsome, of course; but it is monstrously heavy, and, though one does not expect a big folio to be light, a better paper would have made it less cumbrous—if it had to be a folio, for which we see no reason. The plates are the same as those issued in the French edition; and one at least of them we seem to remember in the "*Gazette des Beaux Arts*." This being considered, they must be praised; for, though we have not been able to place the old edition side by side with the new, we can without hesitation assert that the present impressions have lost very little in richness or delicacy. Whether etching is the happiest medium for translating such pictures as these is a point on which persons of taste differ. If there is anything to complain of here, it is an exaggerated blackness, or what seems an exaggerated blackness, of the shadows. This has always been the reproach of photography, though in the last year or two a wonderful advance has been made towards correcting that fault of the camera. It is just, however, on a point like this that the etcher ought to show his superiority over the photographer. When this has been said, one must allow that M. Gaujean and

his colleagues did their work with extraordinary skill. As for Mr. Alison's translation, it is good, without being very good. We notice one fine misprint on p. 118, where the artist is admitted not to have "possessed the treasures of Rubens' *palate*," although he was able to borrow from him "a gamut of luminous greys."

And M. Guiffrey himself? He is the biographer whom we know so well: diligent in collecting the most uninteresting facts about his hero; even more diligent in spinning theories as to the things he must have done, and the journeys he must have taken, when it is just as probable that he did not do them, and did not take them, and it would make us no happier if we knew that he did; in short, one of those perversely enthusiastic writers who spend all their power upon the wrong places, and miss the vital points. What we want to have in a Life of Van Dyck is all the information we can get on such matters as his relations with Rubens, or the painters he most studied on his Italian journey: and M. Guiffrey gives us plenty of information on these points, but with so much irrelevant discourse along with it that the main features which we want to grasp are only grasped with difficulty. The whole book suffers from this want of concentration. As an instance of the way in which M. Guiffrey excites himself over trifles, take his handling of the familiar anecdote of Van Dyck's visit to Hals's studio, where after sitting to his Dutch rival, he took up the brush and revealed himself in a few strokes; whereupon Hals recognized him, "embraced him, and, adds the story, which would be incomplete without this conclusion, carried him to a tavern. Is this natural (cries M. Guiffrey), is it probable? To give credit to such stories it is necessary to accept the old legends about the drunken habits of Flemish and Dutch artists. In vain has justice been meted out to these ridiculous anecdotes. No matter. Public malice has possessed itself of this vulgar idea, and will not easily give it up." Considering the evidence we possess on the subject we should say, rather, What more natural, what more probable? And what more harmless?

But we might forgive M. Guiffrey these little explosions, which, besides, are amusing, if he rose equally to the occasion when we are before one of Van Dyck's masterpieces. After reading the book we do not feel we understand the painter better, though we have been told so much about his career; of the qualities of his art we learn less from this huge volume than from the dozen pages of Thoré in his book on the Manchester Exhibition of 1857. M. Guiffrey is continually telling us of the charm which, he says, pervaded Van Dyck's entire personality. For ourselves we cannot understand the meaning of such language. No doubt, he was a man of graceful manners, of engaging presence; women, especially, were attracted by him. But of real inward charm we find little or no trace in anything recorded of him. The noble simplicity, the generous greatness of Rubens were poorly imitated by his pupil. Rubens was a great man, Van Dyck a small one; and it is just his shortcomings as a man, his want of brains and of heart, that drag down the splendid accomplishment of Van Dyck as a painter. The example of Rubens at once made him and marred him. When one thinks of what Flemish art was just before Rubens arose; when one realizes his colossal achievement in transforming and re-creating that art by his sole power; one is tempted to think that, but for him, Van Dyck, with his feminine mind, would have been only a more clever and brilliant continuator of fading and sapless traditions. Certainly his life's work would have been something very different. Yet he was ambitious, and his ambition, directing his wonderful skill, must in any case have carried him pretty far. The Rubens example put him on the path; but he could not guide himself in it. Like all men of inferior brains, he did not see the essence of his master's greatness, and applied himself untiringly to attain its fringes and array himself in its exterior splendours. It was not his keeping six horses and an open house, his princely state and his school of assistants, which made Rubens a magnificent painter: but it was this which Van Dyck wished to emulate. And while, in the midst of his profusion, Rubens lived a simple, honourably strenuous life, Van



Dyck wasted away in a paraded luxury, struggling with creditors, worn with excess, and dissipating in amours the power which ought to have inspired his work. He began well: but he had not that inexhaustible love and interest of the eye which never let the true artist rest in his efforts toward the imaginative expression of what he sees. Nor had he compensating powers of invention. But his hand was infinitely cunning; he was the aptest of learners; and his feminine capacity of assimilation, his easily engaged but never deeply penetrating sympathies, made up for, or concealed, his deficiencies. Sometimes, before some portrait of his later time, one of those elegant suits of fine clothes to which a handsome face and a stock pair of hands seem almost casual appendages, one is tempted to deny Van Dyck his due. For here is not the failure of the artist, but the success of the manufacturer. It is not by such things as these, however, that it is fair to judge him. The wonderful etchings alone assure him high honour; and in the superb gallery of English portraits, which can afford to discard even scores of failures, the masterpieces are many. Here, no doubt, he owed much to his sitters: their nobility and charm are counted for his own. But he proved himself worthy of their portrayal. He was the first painter to realize the finest English type. Holbein, with all his fidelity, all his dignity, managed subtly, one cannot help thinking, to Germanize his sitters: Kneller was to do the same. But Van Dyck gives us real English men and women: we recognize the truth of the types as they live amongst us to-day. And in thus anticipating the fine national portraiture of Reynolds and Gainsborough, in picturing for us so splendidly and so completely that most fascinating age of our history, Van Dyck has earned the perpetual gratitude of England.

#### A DIPLOMAT'S DIARIES.

"An Ambassador of the Vanquished." By the Duke de Broglie. Translated, with Notes, by Albert D. Vandam. London: Heinemann. 1896.

IT has often been said that the telegraph has robbed diplomacy of all its glory; but, if the swift transmission of instructions from headquarters has clipped the wings of the aspiring ambassador, his personal influence is still sufficiently potent to pacify or to profoundly embitter international relations. From the Duke de Broglie's memoir of the Vicomte Elie de Gontaut-Biron's mission to the Court of Berlin, which began immediately after the cessation of hostilities between France and Prussia, in 1871, there is little doubt that the confirmation of peace and its continuance were largely due to the singular aptitude on the part of the French Ambassador for those arts of diplomacy in which he had, however, neither training nor previous experience. The selection of M. de Gontaut for a mission of incredible difficulty, and even danger, was one of the happiest inspirations of that brilliant, but unaccountable, genius, Thiers, to whose judgment and courage France owed the initial impulse of her recovery from the disasters that had diminished her territory and her prestige. At the moment when M. de Gontaut was presenting his credentials to the new Emperor of Germany only two of the five milliards of war indemnity had been paid, six French departments were still occupied by the victorious troops, and illustrious prisoners were still languishing in German fortresses. M. de Gontaut's first skirmish with Bismarck took place at a dinner-party, when he profited by the occasion to plead the cause of the captives. It was part of the terrible Chancellor's policy to be unapproachable to the various representatives of foreign Powers in Berlin, and the speedy payment of the two milliards had revealed to him that the financial resources of France were much greater than he had supposed. M. Thiers's superhuman efforts towards the reorganization of the defeated army were, moreover, arousing both apprehension and irritation in Bismarck's breast. All this did not contribute to compliance with M. de Gontaut's requests, especially as that important section of the Press which represented the Chancellor's views published exaggerated and disquieting reports of the increased strength of the French

"effective," which was regarded as an omen of further hostilities. Germany was still flushed with recent conquest, and more than unwilling to relinquish her hold upon her prostrate prey.

In the Imperial circle, however, M. de Gontaut was received with marked courtesy and consideration, and on various occasions during his mission the Empress, whose French sympathies were almost an open secret, both warned him of approaching danger and encouraged him to persist in his errand of peace. He was also fortunate in making a favourable impression upon the Tsar Alexander II. of Russia, who made a third at the meeting between the Emperors of Germany and Austria at Gastein in 1874. Both the Tsar himself and Prince Gortschakoff left no doubt in M. de Gontaut's mind that they desired to see France strong and wise, and that no written agreement had resulted from the congress of the Powers.

About this time, however, M. Thiers was growing restive at the tentative character of the Republic. No moment could have been less opportune for the final establishment of the Republican Government. The common danger from without had for the time being swamped the private antagonisms of the rival factions in the National Assembly, which were suddenly rekindled by M. Thiers's Presidential proclamation. Internecine strife once more convulsed France and imperilled the end for which M. de Gontaut had worked so wisely and well, and placed him in the unenviable position of a man who has been duped by his master. The Ambassador's monarchical sympathies were well known. They were an inheritance as well as a conviction, rendered perhaps the more poignant by the fact that M. Thiers's *coup* was likely to bring all his efforts for the redemption of his country from Teutonic interference to naught. "One of the most important aims of my mission," he wrote to a friendly member of the famous Commission of Thirty, "is to reassure Germany not only with regard to the payment of our debt, but also with regard to the appeasement of the public mind and its legitimate consequence, the revival of business on the restoration of a feeling of tranquillity in France. . . . Do not make my task more difficult than it is and is likely to be under no matter what circumstances. Take it for granted that the prolonging and emphasizing of the disagreement during the latest sittings of the Commission are producing a most damaging effect here."

In spite, however, of these drawbacks, M. de Gontaut's arrangements for the liberation of French territory were practically concluded with the Prussian Government before Marshal de Macmahon was called to the Presidential honour. Bismarck was not, however, appeased by the Conservative reaction which supervened. The imprudent acts on the part of the vanquished upon which he relied to furnish him with an excuse to recommence hostilities now seemed unlikely to occur. The accusation of Clericalism was, therefore, formulated to discredit the Ministry of May 24, 1873. The imminence of restored royalty in France gave a semblance of truth to the report assiduously circulated in Bismarck's official press that that country was about to become a nest of Ultramontane conspiracy. The somewhat candid criticism of Germany which some French bishops expressed from their pulpits was, therefore, immediately adopted by the Chancellor as a means of embittering the relations between the two neighbouring countries. Just, however, as a recrudescence of war seemed certain, M. de Gontaut found a means of averting the catastrophe by enlisting the interest of Russia in the maintenance of peace. A very plain hint from Count Schouvaloff, and the determined disinclination for further warfare on the part of the old Emperor William, caused a marked change in Bismarck's attitude towards France. But his chagrin at the forced abandonment of his schemes was vented upon the French Ambassador, who suffered constant persecution and insult from both the Press and the Chancellor. The subsequent development of the Eastern question, and the occurrence of the outrages known as the "Bulgarian atrocities," still further complicated M. de Gontaut's position, who desired above all things to secure the neutrality of France. The refusal of England to subscribe to the Berlin Memorandum, and the action of Bismarck's representa-

tive at the Congress, led at length to the outbreak of war between Turkey and Russia in the spring of 1877. Before the end of the campaign M. de Gontaut had, however, ceased to represent France in the capital of the Hohenzollerns. Another home crisis resulted in an appeal to the country, and on the return of the Democratic party to power their first action was to recall M. de Gontaut. The German Press did not conceal its joy at the downfall of the hated emissary. At Court, however, where he had always been a *persona grata*, a sincere regret was expressed at his departure. From France, whose restoration to independence had been largely due to her choice of an Ambassador, M. de Gontaut received neither thanks nor honours. It may be, like the spoiled children of Athens, they were weary of hearing him called "the Just." He had emerged with reluctance from a dignified seclusion, at the behest of a politician whose principles he detested, to enter the turmoil of diplomacy in the name of France. He fought the good fight with care and courage, earning the hatred of her enemies, only to reap the ingratitude of his countrymen.

The Duke de Broglie and M. de Gontaut were associated in both public and private life, and were, it would seem, cast of much the same clay. Both possessed in an eminent degree those qualities for which the old French nobility were distinguished among all peoples and in all periods—the integrity of an illustrious tradition, and the courtliness which is the grace of all grace. For such a work no better editor could have been found than M. Vandam. His notes are always to the point, and founded on a real knowledge of his subject—a fact which makes blemishes in the translation, such as "better than no matter who," a matter for regret, and, we venture to hope, correction in the next edition.

#### THE HOLY LAND.

"Patriarchal Palestine." By A. H. Sayce. London: S. P. C. K. 1895.

"Bashan and Argob." By Major Heber Percy. London: R. T. S. 1895.

TO the north of Gilead, and to the south of Damascus, is the volcanic plateau of Bashan, so named as early as the time of the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt. Its western slope towards the Sea of Tiberias is Jolan or Gaulan. The eastern side consists of a vast mass of lava, of metallic hardness. This was Argob, now called Al Laja, the refuge. Professor Sayce calls it El Leija, Major Percy "the Lejah." In this region, now inhabited chiefly by Druses, Major Percy, with Mrs. Percy and two sons, made what must have been a very interesting excursion. Their photographs of ancient buildings in a sad Turk-ridden district, dotted with sparsely populated villages, give the stay-at-home reader of the late Dr. Porter's book on Bashan very clear ideas of the desolation which wars and misrule have wrought. Canon Tristram, in a prefatory note, refers to the rule of "the Seleucid or Greek dynasty of Syria" as being the time of its greatest prosperity, and a majority of the existing remains are of this period. "To these are to be added the Christian buildings of the time of Imperial Rome." The importance of the region is shown by the number of Roman and Greek coins found, especially those of Bosrah. Many Druses escaped here after the Damascus riots in 1860, and since then the Turkish Government has endeavoured to close the country to travellers; and, "instigated by a European Power, forcibly suppressed the Protestant schools," of which some twenty had been established in various places. Bashan was in ancient times famous for its bulls and its oaks, but the oaks have nearly disappeared and the bulls have dwindled to little black oxen, which Major Percy saw ploughing here and there. An excellent map is supplied, but unfortunately no index, and virtually no table of contents.

Professor Sayce mentions the Hauran as on the northern frontier of Palestine, which was bounded, in addition, by the precipitous ravines of Hermon on the north-west, by the rich plain of Sharon on the south, and by Arabian deserts on the east, beyond the territories of Reuben, Gad, and the half-tribe of Manasseh.

Here were Moab and Ammon—the children of Ammi, a god extensively worshipped throughout Syria, but not to be confounded with the Egyptian Amen. The name of Palestine refers to the Phœnician settlements along the coast, in Philistia, the aborigines of which were of a different origin, according to modern authorities. "Though the Philistines," says Dr. Sayce, "at one time owned an unwilling allegiance to the Jewish King, the Phœnicians preserved their independence." Solomon had to send his ships to the Gulf of Akabah, or Aqabah, as Dr. Sayce writes it, beyond Edom. "With the loss of Edom, Judah ceased to have a foreign trade." The Amalekites are identified with "the Beduin of today." Then, as now, they infested the southern frontier of Judah, "wasting and robbing the fields of the husbandman, and allying themselves with every invader who came from the south." Saul punished them, as we know from the Book of Samuel, and since his day the Romans and the Turks have fought against them; "but the lesson is remembered only for a short while: when the strong hand is removed, the 'sons of the desert' return again like the locusts to their prey." The text or argument of the whole of "Patriarchal Palestine" seems to be summed up in a few lines of the first chapter:—"Long before Abraham migrated to Canaan it had been deeply interpenetrated by Babylonian culture and religious ideas, and long before the Exodus it had become an Egyptian province."

We may briefly indicate the contents of the more important chapters. The second is headed "The People." It deals with the ethnology. The most interesting passages are those which relate to the Rephaim, the giants, whose Cyclopean buildings are to be seen in Bashan, and are photographed in Major Heber Percy's book. The third chapter is on the empire founded in Chaldea by Sargon and his successors, and goes on to describe the Egyptian conquest early in the reign of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and its final overthrow, as detailed in the letters discovered at Tel-el-Amarna. Abraham's settlement in Canaan forms the subject of the next chapter. The travels of various Egyptians in Palestine are then reviewed; and chapter vi. contains an account of the culture and religion of the Canaanites.

The most interesting passages, as we have remarked, are those upon the giants, the Rephaim. The Hebrew word does not occur in the singular; but the name is applied to a whole race. Og, the King of Bashan, is described as the last of the Rephaim. Other giants were the Anakim, the Emim, and the Zamzummim. In Arabic there is Al Rafa, or El Rafeh, which may mean Raphôn, "a reminiscence of the Rephaim of Genesis." The giants were Amorites who befriended Abraham and built Hebron. They were finally exterminated by the children of Ammon, and Professor Sayce asserts positively that "Ham" is a faulty transcription from a cuneiform text. He thinks the Zamzummim were the same people, but he leaves a doubt in the reader's mind as to the identity of the Emim and the Zamzummim and as to their connexion with a city called Ham, or possibly Am. This, however, is a philological rather than an ethnological question. Canon Tristram, in his introduction to Major Heber Percy's book, tells us of the sixty cities of the giants in Argob, and attributes to them the Cyclopean masonry—"the stones unsquared, selected to fit into each other." But Major Conder, following the lead of De Vogüé, a French investigator, is willing to explode what he calls "the popular fallacy of the giant cities of Bashan." Whether he is right or not very few of us are in a position to pronounce. Kirjath Arba seems to mean the city of Arba, a famous giant. It is now Hebron. In some places the old stone doors are still in use, but what their antiquity may be does not seem settled. Major Percy sketched or photographed four of them, and in Murray's "Handbook" we are told that at Al Kufr "the gates of the town, about ten feet high, are of a single slab." The Druse inhabitants of these towns are able to hew the granite as their predecessors did, and only the shortsighted and oppressive policy of the Turks prevents their having a large trade in this material, especially in the form of mill-stones, which are always in demand. Professor Sayce, perhaps wisely, avoids pure ethnology, and so escapes the pitfalls into which so many modern writers have



been betrayed. The argument from language cannot be neglected. We find the people of Canaan speaking a Semitic tongue, one as closely connected with Hebrew and Arabic as Italian is with French and Spanish. It requires evidence, therefore, to prove that the Philistines "were of the race neither of Ham nor of Shem, but were of Japhetic origin," as one writer asserts; but of such evidence there is none. Dr. Sayce leaves these questions alone. For ordinary purposes, the Phœnicians and the Philistines, the people of Bashan and Argob, and the people of the plain, or Canaanites, spoke dialects of the language of the Hebrews and the Arabs. We note many minor errors in Professor Sayce's little book—as, for instance, when he speaks of the peaks of Carmel and of Hermon. He can never have seen either. But we need not go into these and other similar matters here: we have endeavoured to show the scope of his book, which may be useful to readers who know how to sift the wheat from the chaff.

#### MR. LOCKER-LAMPSON'S CONFIDENCES.

"My Confidences. An Autobiographical Sketch addressed to my Descendants." By Frederick Locker-Lampson. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1896.

WHEN an autobiographer addresses his "Confidences" to his children he takes a rather unfair advantage of his critics and the public. It is impossible to resent the liberties which a man may take with his family, since by immemorial usage every one is allowed to say what he likes at his own table. But Mr. Locker-Lampson does not abuse the position he has so skilfully chosen; for if his humour is now and then a little thin, the note of urbanity never fails, and he carries everything off with the easy assurance of a social favourite. For we refuse to believe in the melancholy assertions of the last chapter that sociability and popularity were not in the writer's nature: we make allowances for "a valetudinarian's pastoral." The facts of his life, which Mr. Locker-Lampson chooses to talk about—and his reticence on such sordid subjects as ways and means is as rare as it is disappointing—as well as his anecdotes about himself, reveal a distinctly lovable man, with those gentle, sympathetic manners which invite as well as impart confidences, and occasionally, as from the omnibus cad, receive a rebuff. Urbanity and sympathy, spiced with humour, are a very rare combination, much rarer than might be expected, considering how many clever people there are trying to get on, and what an enormous rate of interest they return in the commerce of the world. Perhaps these qualities cannot be acquired, even by the very clever, but are born with us. For

"Thy gentillesse cometh fro God alone;

Than cometh our veray gentillesse of grace,

It was no thing bequeathed us with our place."

Some such combination of social qualities as we think is not badly summed up by the Chaucerian word "gentillesse" did everything for Frederick Locker. Without striving or crying, he got all that other men fight for—love, riches, social vogue, even a mild halo of literary fame. Twice he put in for the matrimonial lottery, and twice he drew a prize. His first wife was a woman of rank, of wit, and of that active benevolence which is a tradition in the Bruce family. Yet when young Locker took Lady Charlotte's hand in his on that bench in Hyde Park he was only an Admiralty clerk, who had got leave to go abroad on account of his nervous dyspepsia, without official prospects or even ambition, and with nothing but a talent for versification. His second wife, whom he married when he was fifty-three, and had become a personage in the London world, was the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, and besides her animal spirits and her wifely devotion brought him a large fortune. The late Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley were the centre of a set which comprised some of the most celebrated men and women of the last generation; and in addition to its habits the Deanery entertained from time to time everybody in London who was worth knowing or seeing. In this set Frederick Locker lived habitually (Lady Augusta was his sister-in-law), but he escaped its slight tincture of prudery. Who shall say that our nervous Ad-

miration clerk was not the luckiest, the cleverest, or the most attractive of men, or all three?

The philosophy of life is the subject of these "Confidences," and touched by the light hand of a past-master it is a fascinating study. We are surprised, by-the-by, that Mr. Locker-Lampson, or his distinguished editor and son-in-law, did not curtail the boyish experiences, for they are not specially amusing, and they are out of all proportion to the rest of the book. But probably Mr. Locker-Lampson sat down to write a regular autobiography in the orthodox chronological fashion, and wearied of it, as we wearied, we confess, of the succession of dreary private schools to which the delicate and backward boy was consigned. And it is only when he has escaped from the schoolroom that the author becomes really boyish. What can be more delightfully schoolboyish than the letter to Carlyle under an assumed name about the character of a fictitious gardener, which happily Mr. Augustine Birrell was not allowed to suppress? Unlike most philosophers, Mr. Locker-Lampson practised what he preached. It was part of his creed that "It is luckier to do a little thing surpassingly well than a larger thing indifferently so"; and he tells us of a tragedian who could dance his fingers on a table to remind one of Taglioni. The tragedian is forgotten, but not so his imitation, at least not by any one who had once seen it—that is the moral. Dr. Johnson would say that no one who did a little thing surpassingly well would ever attempt a larger thing, and he declared that, could he have played the violin, he never would have written his Dictionary. In literature Locker was content to do a small thing surpassingly well. One does not often see "London Lyrics" on the table now; but in its day it made a great hit, and it places its author in the same class as Præd and Calverley. Like the fine gentleman that he was, Mr. Locker-Lampson is a little contemptuous of his art. His aim, he says, was humble, and he takes some credit to himself for having resisted the promptings of friends, and having "let well alone." To know when to stop is, of course, one of the secrets of success; but it is not so creditable in an author who never was "in Fortune's Bridewell whipp'd to the laborious task of bread," for most of the unhappy tribe write to fill their pockets, not to empty their brains. There does not, however, appear to us to be any affectation about Mr. Locker-Lampson's humility, though of course he says there is; nor is his confession that he does not care much about poetry and has read very little of it a pose, as some might think; for the knack of writing verses comes, like music, without cultivation.

It is not, however, the occasional poet, but the finished man of the world—the "diseur de bons mots," without the "mauvais caractère"—who delights us in his fragmentary chapters. Like Mrs. Carlyle, like Matthew Arnold, like "all intelligent people," the author of "London Lyrics" was fond of smart clothes and smart people, whose good and bad points he noted with more subtle observation than any other social philosopher whom we know. What can be more deliciously incisive, for instance, than his remark that in smart society there is "a certain freemasonry of refined clownishness"? For want of a better illustration, wit has been defined as a point and humour as a line, the only merit of the metaphor being to show that wit can be quoted and humour can not. Mr. Locker-Lampson was a humourist rather than a wit, though the happy collocation of words was his trade, and there are plenty of good phrases in these pages. Hazlitt said that you could no more give an idea of Burke by quotations than you could give an idea of a house by a brick. We cannot quote Mr. Locker-Lampson's good stories; they must be read. His misadventure with his mother-in-law, his excursion into the country after a Shakespeare folio, Mr. Buggins, Mr. Doo, his visit to Mrs. Branaghan, "nine minutes and a half" in a third-class railway carriage, the "story of a postage-stamp," the Charity breakfast, must all be read to form an idea of the writer's humour and kindness of heart. His power of drawing a picture is marvellous: we can see, and almost hear, Lord Tennyson cross-examining Mr. Gladstone in the carriage about politics. The sketch of Abraham Hayward, the "sardonic and senile Adonis," is the best—it is penetrating and pathetic. On his last visit to the veteran worldling,

"I found him solitary, the lamp of life burning very low; he was curled up in an easy-chair with his old figurehead at the top of a grey dressing-gown." It would take Thackeray to beat that? This is a charming book, written by a man who expected little from his fellow-creatures, and got a good deal, which he deserved, and for which he expresses gratitude in his graceful, ironical way.

## FICTION.

"The Sheik's White Slave." By Raymond Raife. London: Sampson Low. 1895.

"The Shoulder of Shasta." By Bram Stoker. Westminster: Constable. 1895.

"The Countess Bettina." By Clinton Ross. London: Putnam. 1895.

THESE three books are of the class that are no books; they are the echoes of books, of commercially successful books; they are articles put upon the market by publishers in response to an imaginary demand. It is a perpetual struggle this between the personality of the author and the public, a struggle in which the publisher disguised as an intermediary really only intensifies the points at issue. No doubt Mr. Raymond Raife and Mr. Bram Stoker and Mr. Clinton Ross, despite the pseudonymous smack of these titles, are real living human beings. No doubt they occupy space and consume food and have their evil days. No doubt they have eyes wherewith they look out upon life, ears to hear the speech of the world, and emotional appliances that colour the vision and the voice with this feeling and that. Vulgarizing, effacing as the forces of a democratic civilization may be, it is impossible to believe that we have yet reached the day of human beings absolutely in blank. Yet these books! If Messrs. Raymond Raife, Bram Stoker, and Clinton Ross do, indeed, possess personalities, they also possess a wonderful gift for concealing such possessions. Mr. Bram Stoker, for instance, seems to us merely a pewter Bret Harte, heavier, softer, duller in colour, but essentially the same. There's the great open-hearted Grizzly Dick in his book, with revolvers and boots and Mexican spurs, and all the original sinlessness of the Bret Harte theology, and the charming "Little Missy" and a "b'ar," and a glimpse of "fashionable San Francisco." Politer reviewers might say that it "challenged comparison" with the Master just as a German or English champagne challenges comparison with the French article. It is an amiable and even flattering competition, no doubt. We have said things about Mr. Bret Harte, many and various things, and we shall follow his development to his life's end, because he is an artist, with origins and influences indeed, but with a personality of his own. But there is quite enough Bret Harte written by Mr. Bret Harte for any reasonable appetite; Bret Harte written by an understudy is intolerable. Mr. Raymond Raife again subdues himself to the medium of Mr. Rider Haggard. For him there is more forgiveness. What is personal of Mr. Rider Haggard he spares—that dyspeptic pessimism, for instance. Save that he infringes an implicit patent in African hoards and secret passages, and balanced stones, there is little to object to in Mr. Raymond Raife's story. It is rapid, it holds a reviewer to learn what next and then what next, in spite of its continuous impossibility. Evidently Mr. Raife has a vivid imagination, though the poverty of his style clips his effects.

"The Countess Bettina," we judge, could not have lived but for the "Indiscretion of the Duchess." Surely Mr. Anthony Hope is prolific enough without Mr. Clinton Ross coming to the rescue! More than these passing remarks one cannot find to make about these substitutes for books. Substitutes they are, not only from a reader's point of view, but from an author's. We would we had the power to set Mr. Raymond Raife, Mr. Bram Stoker, and Mr. Clinton Ross in search of themselves. "Good hunting!" It may be they are really quite interesting people.

"The Earth Mother." By Morley Roberts. London: Downey & Co. 1896.

It is time some one spoke seriously to Mr. Morley Roberts. He has set out, like so many other young

men, to be unconventional, virile, fundamental. We have watched his exertions, not without sympathy and a fair encouragement of praise. But it is time he realizes that violence is not the only manifestation of strength. He has eaten people; he has fought with knives in darkened rooms and on frozen islands; he has jumped with heavy-shod feet and evident zest on the faces of little boys; he has smashed men flat in cattle-trucks, and butchered Australian natives both in large and small quantities. He has stabbed here, there, and everywhere, and gouging has been to him the idle pastime of an afternoon. Many of us in our time have in our hearts done similar things. They are indeed the natural and necessary ebullitions of a healthy boyhood, and we by no means blame him for his high spirits. Yet a time comes when we must put aside childish things. "The Earth Mother" rings insincere from Mr. Morley Roberts, convincing as it might be from the senior Master Coombes. The crime is brilliantly conceived, but the motives are wholly inadequate. Garth was in the habit of writing letters to Sergia, whom he loved; he sent them not directly, but through Falconer, just as people do in the Young Lady's Novelettes. Falconer very properly betrayed Garth's confidence by intercepting these letters, and making love to Sergia. Sergia, for all the world as though she was by a schoolgirl authoress instead of a virile unconventional author, married Falconer. Then Garth, whose complexion was "very dark," whose eyes were "strangely and beautifully animal-like," came back, in an extremely Morley-Robertsian frame of mind, and made a huge plaster figure of the Earth Mother. When it was finished he induced Falconer to call, forced a duel on him, and killed him. Elaborate details of his subsequent proceedings are given, and, horrible as they are, we cannot deny the extremely vivid imagination and the admirable writing of this repulsive chapter. Within a dozen hours, Falconer had been embalmed, and built into the interior of the Earth Mother, and after a decent interval (Falconer being reported drowned) Garth married Sergia. But with the murder the book culminates. The rest—how the presence of the Earth Mother with its contents in his studio annoyed the over-sensitive Garth, and prevented his working; how poverty came upon them; how as a consequence Sergia died, and how he committed suicide—is mere novelette. "And as the river bore him seaward, the great Earth Mother, whose child he was, moved onward through lightless space under the bitter domination of inexorable law, as she had done before he symbolized her in the dead clay to which he had returned." Which callous proceeding somehow reminds one of Mr. Gilbert's immortal "Never you mind, roll on."

"The Crooked Stick." By Rolf Boldrewood. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Two encounters with bushrangers that occur in this book are examples of what stirring stuff Mr. Boldrewood can write for us when he likes. But wonderful are the ways of authors! Here is a man with a vast island-continent at his beck and call, so to speak, for material, and for the major portion of the book we are shut up with a few ordinary English middle-class people in a drawing-room of unmistakably suburban origin, "dado," "Erard grand," and "half-executed needlework"! Meanwhile, no doubt, suburban novelists are hard at work "mugging" Australian local colour.

The story is an account of the very ordinary love affairs of an Australian heiress named Pollie. There are eligible young men at Corindah, worthy fellows too; but Pollie goes "through the wood and through the wood" until Bertram Devereux comes along: "the crooked stick" at last. He had, we are told, "a worn, world-weary heart." There is a dreadful, and dreadfully polyglot, married lady in England who is engaged to Bertram, and hopes to be happy so soon as her present husband dies. Discovering in him an epistolary coldness, she writes to him, "*Gardez-vous bien, mon ami.*" As he continues cooling in spite of this sinister threat, she falls back upon the usual expedient of the woman in the background, and writes to Pollie. Simultaneously she writes to Bertram dark and creepy things: "Your wrath will be bitter against me."



*N'importe.* "Soyez bon enfant, quit the wild country . . . and return." Pollie discards him, and, soothed by a timely legacy, he goes back to England. Of course Pollie nearly dies of the affair, but she is snatched from death, fragile but still beautiful, to discover that she really loves one of the patient "wood." The story goes to prove that human nature in a novel is the same all the world over, and that even the difference in local colour is less than one would expect.

"The Doomswoman." By Gertrude Atherton. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1896.

"A Spoilt Girl." By Florence Warden. London: F. V. White & Co. 1895.

We are disappointed that "The Doomswoman" should come from Miss Gertrude Atherton. Her previous book, "A Whirl Asunder," came near being very good; this longer and later one comes near being very bad. The thread on which the book is hung has been worn too thin to support a novel any longer. The eagle-eyed Don Diego Estenega, "with the profile of a great man," meets the "haughty," "inexorable," and surpassingly beautiful Dona Chonita Iturbi y Moncada. He sets to work to win this imposing lady. But "the enmity between the Capulets and Montagues was a sallow flame to the bitter hatred . . . which exists between the Estenegas and the Iturbis y Moncadas." And for this reason Chonita resists his suit almost to the end of the book, until, in fact, Diego kills her brother. Then only, deeply touched by his unconventional sincerity, she relented, "drew his head to her breast," and the book ends. There are effective pages in it, but the effects are got with a violence that permits no other merit. The characters and incidents indeed are uniformly impossible and generally absurd. There is more amusement to be got out of "A Spoilt Girl." Harrington Brancepeth was one of a cataclysmal family of five who rendered life impossible in a little village in Kent. As she and her brothers grew up they devoted themselves to galloping furiously over the country, not excepting any private ground that came in their way, flourishing revolvers. Any private vehicle crossing their path had its traces cut and the horse turned out, while the Brancepeths disappeared "with a mocking laugh." The three Brancepeths who were bad at heart cheated at cards. From pawning their sister's betrothal gifts they got to highway robbery and incidentally wellnigh to murder. So the three bad Brancepeths fled the country, and the two better ones reformed. It is Harrington Brancepeth whom, with some tepidity, we think, Miss Warden calls "a spoilt girl." Spoilt girl, indeed! She was the "vara deevil." The book is good tumultuous reading.

#### NEW SCIENCE-BOOKS.

"A History of Gardening in England." By the Hon. Alicia Amherst. Illustrated. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1895.

THIS is a charming volume, wrought, as indeed a garden should be, with love and learning, full, like it, of old memories and new life. The authoress treats her subject historically, and her descriptions of old-world gardens are illustrated by drawings from mediæval missals, and by photographs of the rare examples of ancient gardens that the changes of fashion have left to us. Fashion has been a ruthless enemy of those who would like to see the walled gardens, the fantastic terraces, the bowers and the groves in which our ancestors dreamed and loved. Almost as often as my lady changed the fashion of her wig, my lord would have the newest Court gardener to remodel his grounds. Starting from the introduction of gardening into England by the Romans, Miss Amherst describes the leading modes that have had a vogue, and gives a sketch of the history of the chief gardening celebrities. She explains clearly, and criticizes with judgment. She makes it plain that her catholic appreciation of all styles has not destroyed a strong preference for the older formal gardens. We are in complete sympathy with her: a garden is not a piece of nature made private by the vigilance of keepers and the provisions of the Trespass Act; it should differ from nature as a sonnet differs from the undisciplined rhetoric of a stump orator. It should have the distinction of a costume by Worth, and not be a gaudy waif picked up because it was pretty. We notice with pleasure Miss Amherst's statement that the so-called "landscape gardening" of the Victorian period is over.

"The Climates of the Geological Past and their Relation to the Evolution of the Sun." By Eugène Dubois. London: Sonnenschein & Co. 1895.

M. Dubois says that his little essay is a translation, with slight alterations, of a German treatise, by H. C. A. Thieme. We admit this explicit statement that the book is not original, but we do not think that the author and publisher were justified in entirely omitting from the title-page and cover the fact that M. Dubois is only translator, and not author. The volume itself is the result of a careful and ingenious inquiry. The author starts with a consideration of fossil animals and plants as indices of the climate of the past. He wisely insists that it is almost impossible to draw exact inferences from organic forms as to temperature. "A fixed relation between the climate and the character of the organic world does not exist." No doubt many structural modifications are associated with heat and cold, dampness and drought, but the migrations of animals and plants and the constant modifications to which they have been subjected make any general inferences untrustworthy. The author is in agreement with the best modern authorities when he declares that a very small drop in temperature is sufficient to explain the Glacial epoch. A reduction of three or four degrees Centigrade, especially if the climate were damper, would produce extreme glaciation, if the distribution of land and water and the set of currents were favourable. In the second part of the book an attempt is made to refer changes in temperature to changes in the amount of heat discharged by the sun. The theory is ingeniously developed.

"British Birds' Nests; How, Where, and When to Find and Identify Them." By R. Kearton. Illustrated by Photographs. London: Cassell & Co. 1895.

Mr. Kearton, aided by his brother, has produced a remarkable little volume. He describes the nests and eggs of the more common, and of some of the rarer, British birds, illustrating his descriptions by actual photographs of nests in their natural positions. Few lovers of natural history have access to the great works of Gould and Booth, while the series of cases at the Natural History Museum cannot be placed on one's bookshelves. Eggs and nests are interesting in themselves, but it is now recognized that scientific classification must take them into account as much as the other characters of the different groups of birds. The architecture of the nests, the number, size, and colour of the eggs, and the condition of the young when hatched, are as important as the modelling of the skull-bones or the arrangement of the nerves and muscles. We think it is to be regretted that the authors did not add descriptions of the young, which may be hatched naked, with a down-plumage; or, in some cases, with a plumage closely resembling the adult condition. Perhaps in a future edition this may be rectified. In any event the scientific names should be added to the common names, while an index is imperative.

"London Birds and Beasts." By J. T. Tristram-Valentine. With a Preface by F. E. Beddard, F.R.S. London: Horace Cox. 1895.

The late Mr. Tristram-Valentine's Essays on Natural History were pleasant reading when they appeared in our columns, some few years ago, and many may be glad to have them in a more permanent form. Their author was a keen naturalist, and wrote with lightness and knowledge about recent additions to the Zoo, and about London birds.

"Chats about British Birds." By J. W. Tutt, F.E.S. London: George Gill. 1896.

Mr. Tutt has made use of the popular works on ornithology and of a sloppy sentimentalism that is all his own. We have no particular fault to find with his book: it is not meant to teach natural history or classification, and the old-fashioned arrangement of the avian groups does not matter. If there are "young people" who enjoy Mr. Tutt's prattle, we have no wish to interfere: it is eminently adapted to amiable persons of weak intellect.

"A New View of the Origin of Dalton's Atomic Theory. A Contribution to Chemical History." By H. E. Roscoe and Arthur Harden. London: Macmillan. 1896.

It has been the accepted opinion that Dalton came to his atomic theory from the side of actual experiment. It was thought that, after observing the union of chemical elements in multiple proportions, he deduced the existence of atoms of different weights. In the familiar course of the physical sciences, experiments have led to inductions, and theoretical deductions have been drawn. Recently, however, there have been discovered in the archives of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society a large number of manuscript notes and letters of Dalton. Examination of these has convinced Sir Henry Roscoe and Mr. Harden that Dalton set out from theory and ended in new facts. He was familiar with Newton's theory of the atomic constitution of matter. Reflecting upon this, he elaborated a realistic conception of matter, and, from physical considerations, concluded that the atoms of different elements must have different weights. "This at once led him to conceive of chemical combination as taking place

between varying numbers of atoms of definite weight, a position which he then succeeded in confirming by the results of analyses made both by other chemists and by himself." This novel and interesting proposition of the genesis of the modern atomic theory the authors develop in their essay.

We have also received from Messrs. Macmillan "The Natural History of Eristalis Tenax," by G. B. Buckton, F.R.S., a technical scientific treatise of the kind that is usually published in the Proceedings of the learned societies; "The Scientific Foundations of Analytical Chemistry," a translation of Ostwald's brilliant treatise, by G. McGowan; "A Laboratory Course in Experimental Physics," by W. J. Loudon and J. C. McLennan, of the University of Toronto, a treatise conspicuous by its clear diagrams and simple exposition; from Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co. a good translation of Korschelt and Heider's "Text-Book of Embryology," and a first-rate English edition of Külpe's "Outlines of Psychology"; from Messrs. Vinton & Co. a useful elementary handbook on manuring, called "The Food of Crops," by C. M. Aikman; from Cassell & Co. a new volume of their Century Science Series, "James Clerk Maxwell," by R. T. Glazebrook, F.R.S.; from A. & C. Black an unnecessary little compilation upon "Milk," by Dr. C. M. Aikman; from Thacker, Spink, & Co., of Calcutta, new editions of Major C.'s "Indian Horse Notes" and "Indian Notes about Dogs," two little volumes of proved utility.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Great Secret." By a Church of England Clergyman. London: George Redway. 1895.

SINCE the occurrences which forced the author to believe in Spiritualism do not differ, either in their nature or in the manner in which they are recorded, from those that have often been described to the world, we cannot see that this book will do much towards converting unbelievers. What interest there is in the book lies outside the credibility or incredibility of the miracles. That this particular Spiritualist should have hoped much from a combination of Divine Service with a *séance* is an interesting feature to the student of humanity, and so is the frankness with which he tells of his disappointment. Engrossing, too, are the descriptions of the *séances*, taken simply as so many documents illustrative of society and manners in the fifties—we could have put up with a great many more of such scenes. As for the most exciting portion of his subject, Black Magic, and its rites, he solemnly refuses to reveal what he knows, and thus very skillfully arouses his reader's curiosity.

"In This Our World." By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

"Arrows of Song." London: Hutchinson & Co. 1895.

"Jason of the Golden Fleece." A Cornish Idyll of To-day. By Manners Stephenson. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co. 1895.

"In Unknown Seas." By George Horton. Cambridge (U.S.): the University Press. 1895.

The author of "In This Our World" has a message to give. She believes in the great things that are to come to humanity through the woman of the future, the near future. If the exact purport of the message is hardly obvious she is not to be blamed. It is not the poet's part to spread out before our eyes a practical scheme—or, indeed, any scheme. Heaven forbid we should have to read a blank-verse syllabus of reform or a plan of campaign in a sonnet sequence. The poet's rôle in the fight is to blow a reveille and to give the war-cry, to weave from the notes that are floating in the air a good marching song. And our complaint against Mrs. Stetson is that she has not been enough of the poet in her message. There should be nothing arguable in a war-cry; we should want to shout the marching song, not cavil at it. But if her rhythms do not stick in our mind, there is this to be said, at any rate for her humanitarian verse,—it is not loaded up with vague gradus tags. If this seems but small praise, we humbly beg her to read through the few hundred volumes of poetry that have appeared during the last six months. Mrs. Stetson is at her best in "Desire": it is not poetry, but it is something worth expressing well expressed, the most sympathetic page in the book. Also, when she wishes to be amusing she is amusing, as in "Similar Cases," "A Conservative," "An Obstacle."

"Arrows of Song" are not exactly pleasant—perhaps arrows are not meant to be; but they should not rankle in the breast of a gentle reader at whom they were not aimed. We are neither the wicked "Lulu" nor the author's "Enemy," but we feel strongly that the arrows he sends after these two people are but vulgar weapons: a poet with such slender equipment should not have attempted anything so violent and bitter. The verses on Keats are common, too—almost an impertinence—and the one noticeable line

"He heard the music of the mounting star"  
is followed by the inexcusably feeble

"And guessed its meanings manifold and grand."

"Jason of the Golden Fleece" is about as formless and inept a story as you could hope to meet in a lifetime. If it had been

written in prose, it might just have been readable to those unfortunately idle persons who find it less effort to go on with a tale than to leave off courageously at any particular point. But in verse the thing is impossible, especially as Mr. Stephenson's poetry belongs to that class, perhaps the largest of all, which is marked by the frequent use of that splendid and glowing epithet "each":—

"Born into almost regal state,  
Free from each sordid care."

Mr. George Horton is crude, and his serious headlines (we really do not know what else to call them) are rather too tempting a challenge to laughter; but he seems to be fond of beautiful things—of dawn at sea, with the last brilliant star hanging in the lightening sky, of

"the waters' measured sliding

Upon the whiteness of the sloping strand"

in the moonlight, and the grind of the boat's prow on the sand. We cannot help wishing, though, that he had left out Erynnia. Sappho, of course, is fair prey; the man in the street talks familiarly of her—it has, in fact, become a sign of being the man in the street to do so.

"Duty's Call." By H. N. B. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co. 1896.

The writer whose aim is to improve the minds of his readers by telling them a story labours under a great moral difficulty. He dare not put off the young imagination, so hungry and hopeful, with the next world. Reward for virtue must be paid here and now, on the instant—paid, too, in the world's current coin of happiness. It is true that H. N. B. talks a little of Heaven at the end; but what an anti-climax! Indeed, if any girl reads the last two pages at all, she will only learn from them the comforting news that the fulfilment of her dreams of happiness in this world need not injure her prospects in the next. The story is as follows. Mary Summerfield, who *naturally* prefers philanthropy to dances (begging the question is of the very essence of these morality stories), adopts Jenny, the little daughter of a ruffian, Black Jim. In course of time the Summerfields' house is broken into by burglars, the eligible young man, gagged and bound, is on the point of being murdered, when Mary, warned by Jenny, boldly enters the room. The murderer is Black Jim. Recognition, a death-bed repentance, marriage of Mary and the young man, happiness ever after, not to mention Heaven in the distance. This is Morality for Morality's sake!

"Words and Days." A Table-Book of Prose and Verse Compiled by Bowyer Nichols, with an Introduction by George Saintsbury. London: Rivington, Percival, & Co. 1896.

If such a collection as this, a birthday book without the birthdays, is a mistake, it must be set down among those charming mistakes which afford much pleasure to everybody concerned with them. The greatest pleasure of all belongs, of course, to the compiler. To have a necessarily silent and unobedient audience of your fellow-creatures for once, and to recite to them those passages in English literature which you love best, this is a rare joy to the man of letters, an order of beings who have as much of the tyrant in them as any prince or potentate of them all. It is to be doubted whether even the imposition of your own masterpieces affords such exquisite pleasure. Next must come the enjoyment of his audience, who forget themselves in the beauty of the reciter's passages, familiar possessions that can never be heard without a thrill, new pieces that have been overlooked or never found. And the third pleasure, the back-wave of egoism, is regret or despair at what the entertainer has not chosen to recite. Mr. Nichols's plan is to head his page with a quotation from Shakespeare, often a single line (this is the one feature which might fairly call forth objections), to put a prose passage next and poetry last. Here is a chance for everybody to find out for certain which of the two he reads most readily, prose or verse. Mr. Nichols is often prettily and wittily guided by the Calendar, and he ranges from Chaucer to Mr. Henry James. As to the selections themselves, nothing can properly be said. Mr. Nichols is to be blessed for quoting from Bacon the two most moving passages in perhaps the most moving essay, "Of Gardens," and if he has omitted some lines of Bacon which we cannot at all do without, we must reflect that, had Bacon been given full room, Mr. Nichols's volume might have ended in being what to some is the ideal "Table-Book," a copy of Bacon's "Essays." Mr. Nichols probably has good authority for his quotation of Raleigh's peroration on p. 77; but without doubt the reading which Professor Arber gives is finer. Mr. Nichols writes, "and whom the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised," where the omission of "all" before "the world" bereaves the subsequent "only" of half its weight, and lays a rather hackneyed stress on the word "world." "Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness" cannot stand for a moment beside "far-fetched greatness," and the omission of another "all" at the end takes away somewhat from the drawn-out pathos of the last sentence. We have so often rebelled against Professor Saintsbury's Introductions that



we confess to a certain fatigue. Besides, even allowing for a laxness of expression inevitable to the occasion, it is only decent to put some restriction upon the already jostling crowd of superlatives; so we will not repeat the statement that such a volume as this affords the least imaginable excuse for an introduction by anybody.

#### REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

The "Dial": an Occasional Publication. Edited by C. S. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon. London: L. Hacon and C. S. Ricketts. 1896.

The "Dial's" visits are like the angels', and therefore the more welcome. No. I. appeared, if we remember right, in 1889, but 1896 only brings us to No. IV. Art quarterlies, sprung into vogue through the "Yellow Book," which in its turn was suggested, doubtless, by the "Hobby Horse," and possibly by the "Dial" itself, have come to flourish among us since the "Dial" began its highly occasional career, but it remains the same, uninfluenced by passing fashions. Like its predecessors, it is interesting and original, with just a spice of the eccentric. No eccentricity, however, mars the originality of Mr. Shannon. We have seen more fascinating lithographs of his, perhaps, than the two included here, but both are fine, each in its way. One might think that something is lost by the avoidance of clear line in the drawing of the limbs in the "Atalanta"; but Mr. Shannon has doubtless his reasons. The "Studies of Mice," too, are perfectly delightful: if so exquisite in the reproduction, what must they be in the original silver point? Mr. Pissarro's woodcut of Little Red Riding Hood is as full of charm as it is admirable in workmanship. Mr. John Gray pervades the letterpress, both in prose and verse. Of Mr. Ricketts's work there are characteristic examples; the most notable of which, as it happens, is not in the magazine itself, but in the specimen of the new type designed by him issued with it. This is a more important event than even the fourth appearance of the "Dial." Not that the type appears to us absolutely satisfying: it seems to us to have, though in a much less degree, the defect of the Kelmscott types, a want of serenity; but it is, we think there can be no question, superior in every way to the Kelmscott types, and the capitals especially strike us as beautiful. In any case the designing and casting of such a type is an event, and one which will surely influence the condition of printing in our day.

"The Quarto." An Artistic, Literary, and Musical Quarterly for 1896. London: J. S. Virtue & Co. 1896.

We gather from the preface—rather pretentious in its claim to unpretentiousness with which this latest of quarterlies is sent forth—that it is a magazine produced solely to please its contributors. As, however, it represents what the clever youth of the Slade School are doing and aiming at, the general public may be allowed to take an interest in the venture. We could wish, indeed, that contributions were entirely confined to those connected with the School. No one could wish away the lovely Andrea del Sarto Madonna which forms the frontispiece; but we do not see that it was necessary to rely on aid from without, such as the late Lord Leighton's study of a head, desirable though it may be in itself. However, there is a fair amount of work by students now at the School; and this is the most interesting part of the volume. Among these contributions quite the most striking appears to us to be the design for the Legend of St. Cuthbert, by Mr. Robert Spence. This is work which, with certain immaturities, shows wonderful individuality and promise of power, without a trace of trickery or annoying cleverness. We shall expect to hear of Mr. Spence in future. Nothing else in the number is so interesting as this. Miss Alice Woodward is very skilful in arrangement of black and white; and there is a beautiful pine-wood in Mr. Arthur Briscoe's "The Mother," though the design is stultified by the entirely incongruous treatment of the rooks—an unintelligent borrowing from the Japanese. Of the musical contributions, which are a feature of "The Quarto," we will not presume to speak. There is nothing very remarkable in the "literature."

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Friday. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, CORNHILL, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The Cycle Section will consist of a Chronological Collection of Cycles from the earliest times, marking the birth, rise, and development of the cycle. For particulars, apply to Mr. H. HEWITT GRIFFIN, Putney.

All applications for Prospectus and inquiries respecting Space, &c., to be addressed to the MANAGER, Crystal Palace, S.E.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS. GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH at Popular Prices.—For full particulars see Daily Papers.

#### ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

FOR THE RELIEF OF DISTRESSED ARTISTS, THEIR WIDOWS, AND ORPHANS.

President—SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, on SATURDAY, May 9th, at half-past six o'clock.

The Right Hon. CHARLES STUART WORTLEY, Q.C., M.P., in the chair. Dinner Tickets, including wines, 1 guinea. Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., Treasurer; Walter W. Oulless, R.A., Hon. Secretary; Douglas Gordon, Secretary, 19 St. James's Street, S.W.

#### CAFÉ ROYAL, THE QUADRANT, REGENT STREET.

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THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM. The Anglican and the Eastern Church. A Paper Read by the Rev. J. F. KERSHAW, M.A., Vicar of St. John's, Kidderminster, before the Worcestershire Clerical Society. 8vo. wrapper, 3d. London: J. MASTERS & Co., 78 New Bond Street, W.

LECTURES on the NIBELUNGEN-LIED are being given by Miss M. A. Courtois, at 32 Smith Square, Westminster (by kind permission of the Hon. Maude Stanley), on Tuesdays at 3 o'clock. Subjects—April 28 and May 5:—DEATH OF SIEGFRIED; THE FATE OF THE NIBELUNGEN. Tickets—3s. each lecture—can be obtained from Miss M. A. Courtois, 11 Barton Street, Westminster.

## THE CLAIMS OF VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has had, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education; and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fail them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—in some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us a definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children to the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful, indeed, if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools, entitles, or rather bids, us to make?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

EDWARD ROFFEN.  
HUYSHÉ SOUTHWARK.  
CHARLES BURNEY.  
J. ERSKINE CLARKE.  
C. E. BROOKE.

Bishop's House, Kennington:  
16 March, 1896.

## London Diocesan Board of Education.

### AN APPEAL ON BEHALF

OF THE

## CHURCH SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

WE, the undersigned members and supporters of the London Diocesan Board of Education, appeal most earnestly to Churchmen, and to all who value the preservation of Christian Education in our Public Elementary Schools, for funds to enable the Diocesan Board to maintain in efficiency the work in which it has been engaged for more than half a century, and to place that work upon a more permanent financial footing.

We have every reason to expect that, during the coming year, Voluntary schools will receive from the Legislature, in some form or another, the assistance they both need and deserve. We are therefore anxious that the Schools dependent upon the Board for support may be in a position to take the utmost advantage of that relief.

There are many schools in the poorer parts of the Diocese which have long been maintained by the most praiseworthy exertions of Churchmen, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of severe pressure. The Diocesan Board has, from time to time, been compelled to undertake the financial management of twenty-two such schools, with fifty-six departments, and more than 13,000 children on the books, in order to give relief to the local managers, and so prevent their abandonment. The majority of these, and, indeed, of all our Church Schools, are among the most popular and efficient within the London School Board area; and to lose any of them would be little short of disastrous to the cause of religious education.

It has been carefully estimated that, to meet the present need, a sum of £6,000 is absolutely required. We therefore earnestly commend the London Diocesan Board and its work to the sympathy and liberal support of the Church-people of London; and we would impress upon them that, if liberal assistance is promptly forthcoming, the relief so given will be permanent in its effect.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND.

WESTMINSTER.

WINCHILSEA.

ALDENHAM.

EGERTON OF TATTON.

GRIMTHORPE.

G. G. BRADLEY, Dean of Westminster.

T. DYKE ACLAND.

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EDWARD CARR GYLIN, Vicar of Kensington and Rural Dean.

JOHN G. TALEOT, M.P.

W. H. BARLOW, D.D., Vicar of Islington and Rural Dean.

E. A. EARDLEY-WILMOT, Prebendary of Wells and Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington.

H. W. P. RICHARDS, Prebendary of St. Paul's and Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

DAVID ANDERSON, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square.

RICHARD BENYON, J.P. for Berks.

WILLIAM BOUSFIELD, 20 Hyde Park Gate, W.

RICHARD FOSTER, 48 Moorgate Street, E.C.

F. B. PALMER, Glaisdale, Streatham, S.W.

H. W. PRESCOTT, 50 Cornhill, E.C.

J. A. SHAW STEWART, 71 Eaton Place, S.W.

G. A. SPOTTISWOODE, 3 Cadogan Square, S.W.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations to the General and Poor Schools Relief Fund of the London Diocesan Board of Education should be made payable to JOHN HILL, Esq., Financial Secretary to the Board, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., or may be paid through Lloyds Bank, Limited (Herries, Farquhar Branch), 16 St. James's Street, S.W.



## REORGANIZATION of the NORFOLK and WESTERN RAILROAD SYSTEM.—To HOLDERS of the following BONDS and STOCKS:

NORFOLK and WESTERN R.R. CO.

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First Mortgage Bonds.

In accordance with the terms of the plan and agreement, dated 12th March, 1896, holders of the above-mentioned Bonds and Stocks are reminded that their securities must be deposited on or before 30th April, 1896, at the office of Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co., acting as agents for the Mercantile Trust Company of New York. After the said 30th April, 1896, deposits will be received only in the discretion of the Executive Committee and on such terms as it may impose.

Depositing bondholders will receive at the time of deposit a sum in cash equal to three months' interest on the new First Consolidated Mortgage Bonds to be received by them under the plan.

Holders of stock of the above classes are further notified that they must pay to the depositary on the terms specified in the plan \$12.50 per share deposited, of which amount \$4 per share deposited must be paid at the time of deposit, \$3 on or before June 1st, 1896, \$3 on or before July 6th, 1896, and \$2.50 on or before August 6th, 1896. In consideration of such payment they will be entitled to receive common stock in the new Company to the respective amounts stated in the plan. Any further information in connexion with the reorganization may be obtained upon application to the Secretary.

London, 16 April, 1896.

LONDON COMMITTEE.

ALEXANDER HARGREAVES BROWN, M.P., *Chairman*.

Howard Gilliat.

H. J. de Lanoy Meyer.

C. Sligo de Pothonier.

Henry P. Sturgis.

William Vivian.

The Lord Welby, G.C.B.

Robert Fleming.

HOWLAND ROBERTS, *Secretary*,  
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## BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY

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In consequence of the appointment of Receivers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, and with a view to the protection of the interests of the holders of the above-mentioned bonds, Messrs. Speyer Brothers invite holders of such bonds, which were issued by them in 1885, to deposit the same, with all coupons attached, at their offices, 17 Lothbury, London, E.C., on or before June 1, 1896, subject to an agreement, dated April 10, 1896, between Messrs. Speyer & Co., New York, Messrs. Speyer Brothers, and the depositing bondholders. Copies of such agreement may be obtained on application at the above address.

Messrs. Speyer Brothers will buy on the terms of the agreement the coupons and interest instalments maturing August 1, 1896, on deposited coupon or registered bonds, in case the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company should make default in paying the same when due.

Trust receipts will be given for bonds deposited, and such receipts will be exchangeable for engraved bearer certificates.

Application will be made to the New York and London Stock Exchanges for the listing of these certificates.

Messrs. Speyer & Co. and Messrs. Speyer Brothers will make no charge against depositing bondholders for their services.

London, April 20, 1896.

## EDUCATIONAL.

### ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPER'S HILL, STAINES.

The COURSE of STUDY is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, and the Colonies. About FORTY STUDENTS will be admitted in September 1896. The Secretary of State will offer them for competition Twelve Appointments as Assistant Engineers in the Public Works Department, and Three Appointments as Assistant Superintendents in the Telegraph Department.—For particulars apply to the SECRETARY, at the College.

**RADLEY COLLEGE, Scholarships 1896.** Two of £80, one of £50, one of £40. Election, July 17. For particulars apply to the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

**CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS** will be held on May 26th, 27th, 28th.—ELEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS at least, of value ranging between £80 and £30 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15.—Apply to the BURSAR, The College, Cheltenham.

**WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION** to fill up not less than SEVEN RESIDENT and FIVE NON-RESIDENT SCHOLARSHIPS and TWO valuable EXHIBITIONS will take place in July next. Details may be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER, 19 Dean's Yard, Westminster.

**PIXHOLME, DORKING.—BOYS** are prepared for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS and ROYAL NAVY. Inclusive fees, 80 or 100 Guineas a year, according to age. Boys under six years of age are taught in the Kinder Garten Department by a fully trained teacher. Fees, 60 Guineas a year. Principal, Miss BRAHAM (Cambridge Higher Local Certificate in Honours). The SUMMER TERM will begin on May 4.

### ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

The SUMMER SESSION will BEGIN on FRIDAY, May 1, 1896. The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds (including 75 for Convalescents at Swanley). Students may reside in the College, within the Hospital walls, subject to the Collegiate regulation.

Scholarships and Prizes of the aggregate value of over £800 are awarded annually, and Students entering in May can compete for the Entrance Scholarships in September.

For full particulars apply to the WARDEN of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

A Handbook forwarded on application.

**ROSSALL SCHOOL.—A HEAD-MASTER** will be required for the Michaelmas Term, about the middle of September. He must be a Graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, and in Priest's Orders.

All applications must be sent on or before May 1, to the BURSAR of Rossall, who will give all useful information.

Address, Captain J. ROBERTSON, Bursar, Rossall School, Fleetwood, Lancashire.

### ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS.

An EXAMINATION will be held on SEPTEMBER 23, 1896, and succeeding days, for the awarding of the following:

1. A SCHOLARSHIP of £75 for One Year to the best Candidate in Chemistry and Physics who is under Twenty-five years of age.

2. A SCHOLARSHIP of £75 for One Year to the best Candidate in Biology (Animal and Vegetable) and Physiology who is under Twenty-five years of age.

Candidates for these two Scholarships must not have entered the Medical or Surgical Practice of any London Medical School.

3. A SCHOLARSHIP of £150 and the Preliminary Scientific Exhibition of £50 each, tenable for One Year, in Physics, Chemistry, Vegetable Biology, and Animal Biology. Candidates for these must be under Twenty years of age, and must not have entered the Medical or Surgical Practice at any Medical School.

4. JEAFFRESON EXHIBITION of £21 for One Year in Latin and Mathematics, with any one of the Languages—Greek, French, and German (Classical Books as in Matriculation of Univ. of London, June, 1896). Candidates must not have entered at any Medical School.

The successful Candidates in all cases will be required to enter to the full course at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the October succeeding the Examination.

For full particulars apply to Dr. T. W. SHORR, Warden of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

GROCERS' COMPANY.

### MEDICAL RESEARCH SCHOLARSHIPS.—These

Scholarships, three in number, each of the value of £250, and open only to British subjects, have been instituted by the Company as an encouragement to the making of exact Researches into the Causes and Prevention of important Diseases. The Company appoint annually. At the next Election, the present Scholars, should they renew their applications, will be entitled to a preference. Applications may be made at any time before the end of April by letter, addressed to the Clerk of the Company, Grocers' Hall, Princes Street, E.C., from whom particulars may be obtained.

April 1896.

### FREEHOLD GROUND. CITY OF LONDON.

THE COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the CITY of LONDON will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, June 2, 1896, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the PURCHASE of several PLOTS of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND in Monument Street, Plans and particulars of which may be obtained at this Office, together with the Conditions of Sale.

Tenders should be sealed and endorsed outside, "Tender for Freehold Ground, Monument Street"; they must be addressed to the undersigned, and delivered before One o'clock on June 2 next.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender.

Persons sending in proposals should attend the aforesaid meeting of the Commissioners and be prepared (if their tenders be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the Conditions of Sale.

Guildhall,

April 1896.

H. MONTAGUE BATES,  
Principal Clerk to the said Commissioners.

### FREEHOLD GROUND RENTS. CITY OF LONDON

THE COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the CITY of LONDON will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, June 2, 1896, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for the PURCHASE of the valuable FREEHOLD GROUND-RENTS and REVERSIONS of Premises in Monument Street, namely:—

Ground Rent  
St. Magnus House (corner of Padding Lane)..... £850 per annum.  
St. Magnus House (corner of Botolph Lane)..... £700 "

Particulars and Plans of the premises may be had at this office, together with the Conditions of Sale.

Tenders should be sealed and endorsed outside "Tender for Freehold Ground Rent" (indicating which); they must be addressed to the undersigned and delivered before One o'clock on June 2 next.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender. Persons sending in proposals should attend the aforesaid meeting of the Commissioners, and be prepared (if their tender be accepted) to pay the required deposit of 10 per cent. on the purchase money, and to execute an agreement for the completion of the purchase agreeably to the Conditions of Sale.

Guildhall,

April 1896.

H. MONTAGUE BATES,  
Principal Clerk to the said Commissioners.

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